WORLD SOCCER

15p

The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

MARCH 1971

F.C. BRUGES

CHELSEA'S CUP WINNERS CUP OPPONENTS

All the European club games are previewed in this issue

WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

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FRONT COVER PICTURE

Bruges FC: standing, left to right: Sanders, Bastyns, Henderyckx, Houwaart, Vandendaele, Axelsson. Front: Marmenhout, Thio, Lambert, Rensenbrink, Carteus.

MOORE AND BEST BACK IN FAVOUR

A MONTH ago George Best and Bobby Moore were in the doghouse with their respective clubs but it has been gratifying to see them both producing outstanding performances since being reinstated to the senior ranks. Best came up with a classic goal against Tottenham Hotspur and Moore was magnificent when West Ham collected two valuable points at Coventry.

Argument still rages as to whether West Ham manager Ron Greenwood was right to keep Moore out of the first team for so long; he eventually came back as a second half substitute against Derby County after the London club had conceded three goals.

Moore stemmed the tide in that game and has been outstanding since . . . something that will doubtless please England manager Sir Alf Ramsey as much as anyone. Ramsey omitted Moore from the squad that travelled to Malta, with Alan Mullery assuming the captaincy. Mullery did a good job but it is difficult to envisage Moore being left out of the next European Championship match against Greece on April 21.

West Ham should escape relegation to Division Two, as much through the inability of Blackpool and Burnley to harvest points as anything else, but they are not out of troubled waters yet.

'THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR HARD WORK' says GORDON BANKS

The World's Greatest Goalkeeper

LOOKING back over the years, winning the World Cup in 1966 and the problems, frustrations and disappointments of Mexico, there's a natural tendency to remember the good times and occasionally to take things a little bit for granted. For me, however, I learned early that it is when things look worst of all, this is the time when you need to train extra hard, concentrate in matches and more than anything else never give up.

That I became a goalkeeper at all was more of an accident than anything else—I preferred centre-half or centre-forward when I was at school—and started to play in goal only in kick-about games in local parks. At that time, when I was about nine or ten years old, no one really wants to go in goal and in one scratch game things came to a dead stop because no one would go in goal.

Developed

Finally I agreed to be the 'keeper just to get things started. To my surprise I found that I enjoyed it and decided to give it a go. Then things just developed from there. I remembered all this when someone asked me what I would have thought if I'd been told 20 years before, say, when I was ten years old ... that I'd play for England, or play in the World Cup.

You just don't think of things like that when you're young. You just play because you love the game—play and enjoy it and hope that you might be lucky and make it as a professional. Beyond that the rest is dreams but in my case I almost gave up playing altogether after being dropped from the Sheffield Boys team. It's surprising but that's how it is—like the end of the world.

But I kept trying and in the end things worked out and came right for me. I think these early years are perhaps the most important in a player's career, and luckily I've always had what I suppose is a good attitude towards training and playing. Though I can't say there's any magic formula for success, based on my own experience I would say there's no substitute for hard work. Just play and practice; play and work and practice every spare minute you get.

I was lucky, too, in playing with boys a lot older than me and they certainly hit the ball hard. The important thing I think is to go for everything: every shot, every cross ... even if it looks as if you haven't a chance. In this way, through constant effort I think you can speed up your reactions, quicken your reflexes and, given time, you suddenly find that you're getting a touch to shots you wouldn't have *seen* some weeks before. No matter how hard they come and no matter how the ball tingles your fingers when you stop one ... go for everything ... just do everything you can to keep the ball out of the net.

They say great players are born but personally I don't think I was born a natural goalkeeper. I just worked at it and through constant practice you begin to calculate positions and figure angles. Playing and practising all the time you just figure things out for yourself.

Coaching in the game is much better now than it was 20 years ago and more. Today I think there are more senior goalkeepers in professional clubs who work things out, organise training, etc. But in my early days it was left more or less to the individual. Of course I was lucky in being signed as a part-time professional by Chesterfield, and I've always been the kind to listen to advice, especially when it comes from experienced players, the team manager and so on. I'm

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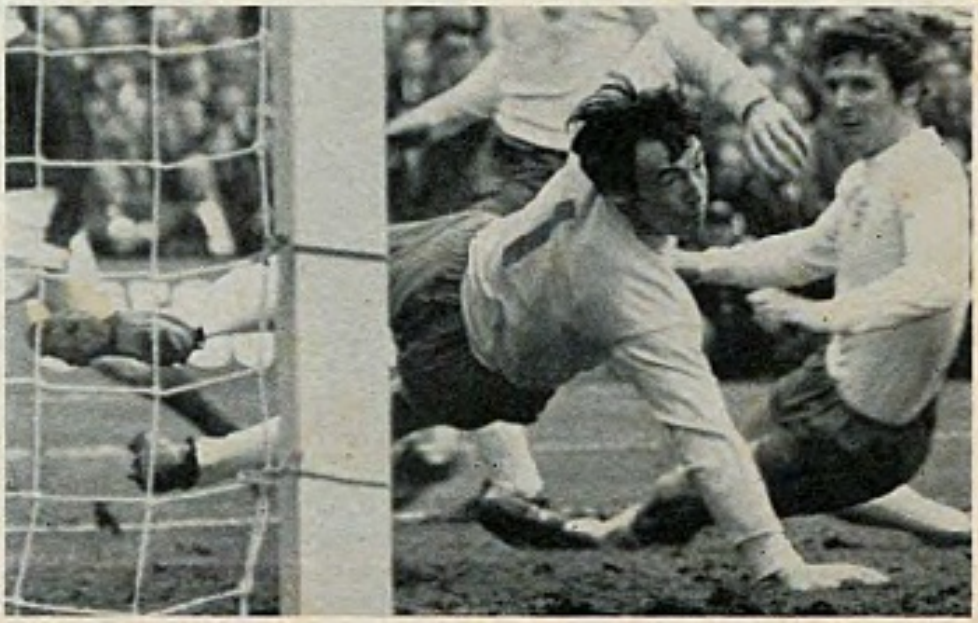

GORDON BANKS writes

No substitute for hard work

● Continued from previous page

sure you can see more from the sidelines than you do when you are actually playing yourself. I used to watch all the top goalkeepers whenever I could, seeing what positions they took up for corners and so on.

Playing goalkeeper is something quite different from other positions in football. In goal there are basics that you must be good at—high crosses, low shots, timing your jumps, catching the ball and punching. And if you're weak at any of these things you don't need to be told. As soon as you've let a goal in that you know shouldn't have gone in you realise that you're still weak in that particular aspect of your game and try to work harder at it.

I remember Teddy Davidson used to talk to me about the way I was playing, the things I was doing in matches when I joined Chesterfield, but the only remedy for a weakness is hard work, practice and more practice. I owe an awful lot to the fellows who used to come back in the afternoons at Chesterfield and Leicester to give me extra practice at dealing with the kind of balls and situations that were giving me most trouble. I asked them and they came, hitting low balls at me or putting over high crosses by the hour.

Disadvantages

Recently, of course, many people have asked me what I thought about the World Cup in Mexico and honestly I really thought the England squad did very well especially considering all the natural disadvantages, most of all the heat and the 12 o'clock midday kick-offs. This bothered all the European teams who were just not accustomed to this kind of thing at home.

In England, for example, an outfield player can run, virtually without a real break, for 80 to 85 minutes and given the natural rests—goal kicks, corners, etc.—a well trained player has no real physical problems. But in Mexico any European who tried to chase round the park for 15 to 20 minutes would have virtually "died". He would have run himself out completely. Inevitably everyone lost out on their normal game, slowing everything right down; jogging where you would normally be sprinting to make new positions for yourself.

I've been asked, too, whether FIFA should not exclude countries like Mexico with extreme climatic conditions from staging the World Cup, but that's something I can't accept. As I see it you just can't do that kind of thing—every country has to be given the chance of showing world football to their own public. The World Cup, like the game itself, belongs to everyone and on balance over the years FIFA evens things out staging the competitions alternately in Europe and South America.

And, of course, at some time in the not too distant future you can be sure it will be staged in places like Morocco and Japan. This is inevitable—the game belongs to them too, not just the English, the Germans, Russia and Brazil.

For myself, no one can be really certain of the future, least of all perhaps goalkeepers, but at 32 I feel I've still got a few years left. The competition for England places is getting tougher all the time but I haven't counted myself out of the England team by any means. Quite apart from the honour involved, there's a really tremendous team-spirit amongst the England players and giving the 1974 series an added personal attraction is the fact that it will be staged in Germany where my wife was born.

I just couldn't even guess how much longer I'll go on playing—it all depends on my own fitness and how I am playing for Stoke City. It has to come eventually, of course, but until I start to let in goals that I feel shouldn't have gone in, then I'll go on playing and love every minute. The Stoke manager will realise, perhaps before I do, when I begin to let the side down and that'll be the time to pack it in.

But on the whole goalkeepers generally go on playing quite a long time after outfield players have quit and I don't plan on leaving the game for some years yet.

Gordon Banks, pictured outside Buckingham Palace after being presented with the O.B.E., with his wife and two children.

HANS MOLENAAR reports

Siebert aims for the top

IN the German town of Gelsenkirchen all hopes for Schalke 04 winning the Bundesliga vanished after a 1-0 defeat by MSV Duisburg left Schalke trailing by five points.

But the whole town hopes that the club president will try again next season, although it will probably mean him digging into his personal bank account once more. The president, Gunter Siebert, is football crazy; he lives only for Schalke 04.

Because of Siebert's money and his unshakeable belief that Schalke will one day win the Bundesliga, the whole town is behind the club.

The reason Schalke haven't succeeded as yet, says Siebert, is because the team has to many inexperienced players.

Sacked

It was Siebert who appointed Rudi Gutendorf as team manager and it was Siebert who sacked him after a series of rows in the dressing-room and even on the trainer's bench.

Siebert replaced Gutendorf with his assistant, 32-year-old Yugoslav-born Slobodan Cendic, former coach of Radnicki Krugajevic. Cendic's appointment is not yet official, because he doesn't possess the necessary qualifications, but he hopes to have his "papers" through this year.

Former international Ernst Kuzorra is officially Schalke's team manager but, in fact, he is technical director. President Siebert has appointed himself coach of the club's youngsters and says: "There I am making money for the future." He adds: "In future I'll have nothing to buy, only to sell."

Schalke received a major setback when their Austrian international, Pirkner, was involved in a car crash. Pirkner and his wife survived the head-on crash but both sustained severe head injuries and concussion.

However, the title race was already over for Schalke. Siebert is on the look-out for new players—he does the scouting himself—utilising the experience he gained as a player with Schalke. He was a member of their championship-winning team in 1958 and played in a European Cup match against Wolverhampton Wanderers, scoring both goals in a 2-1 win.

The only thing that bothers those who take over as team-manager of Schalke 04 is the likely length of their stay. Since Siebert became president in 1967 he has sacked Marotzke, Brocker and Gutendorf. Cendic has a contract until June of this year.

Speculation about Feyenoord's transfer policy is rife

NO sooner had Feyenoord lost the league in the race for the Dutch first division title than speculation about the club's future transfer policy began in earnest.

It is a well-known fact that Ove Kindvall will be returning to his native Sweden in June of this year. He has accepted a public-relations job in Norrkoping and will play for the Norrkoping club again.

Two Germans head the list of players on Feyenoord's wanted list—Jurgen Grabowski of Eintracht Frankfurt and Reiner Libuda of Schalke 04—but another name, that of Jan Mulder (pictured right) has recently cropped up.

Mulder's contract with Anderlecht expires at the end of the season and he has already expressed a willingness to come home to his native Holland. But Feyenoord are not the only club interested in him. Ajax are looking for a replacement for Johan Cruyff.

In the meantime Anderlecht will no doubt try to keep Mulder, although he has missed several games this season through injury. But Mulder, who joined Anderlecht straight from a small amateur club in Holland, is still a valuable asset on the field.

MIXED FEELING NEW FORMU WORLD CUP

I HAVE mixed feelings about the new pattern for the 1974 World Cup. At the bottom of it, it seems to me, is a worthy and familiar desire to make an honest woman out of a promiscuous one—Mr. Gladstone used to manifest it—but the process is always a difficult and dubious one, and besides, there are worse things than promiscuity—or Cup competitions.

The greatest danger latent in abolishing at one stroke the quarter-finals and semi-finals is that we shall be saddled with another qualifying group, with all the tendencies towards defensive mediocrity implicit in it. In a qualifying group, the only important thing is ... qualifying; a truth expressed with horrid pragmatism by Italy in Mexico. The performances of the Italian team in their qualifying group in Puebla and Toluca were shamefully sterile, a compound of cowardice and dull ambition. The shadow of North Korea and that fateful evening in Middlesbrough hung over the Italians' games, which produced two goalless draws and a meagre 1-0 victory.

In the quarter-finals, the immensely talented Italian team belatedly opened out, the course of the semi-final against West Germany obliged them to be equally enterprising, and though their tactics in the Final against Brazil were pretty craven, they didn't shut up shop as thoroughly as they had in the preliminary matches.

Though Brazil, to their immense credit, played with great dash and aggression in every game, the same could scarcely be said of England, in Guadalajara, and in general, the risks involved in a three-match League impose extreme circumspection.

Negative

That is the negative aspect of the reform, and a pretty depressing one. On the positive side, it is true that we should avoid the sort of haphazard eventuality which first benefited then brought down West Germany.

Against England, in Leon, I still think it fair to say that they would never have won had Gordon Banks not been ill, and Peter Bonetti been obliged to play after a month without competitive football. Under the new system, with each of the teams surviving from the qualifying groups playing three matches instead of a mere one, this need not have mattered. Banks would have had time to recover and to play in the other two games.

In the semi-final, against Italy, luck, as we know, turned against the Germans. A great deal of nonsense has been talked about this match, which was vastly exciting, but scarcely the great game many claimed it to be. I preferred the pungent observation of an Italian journalist, who dismissed the extra time period, with its abundance of goals, in a word, as "basketball".

Substitutes

I do not think the Germans would have lost had not a thoroughly unpleasant foul brought Franz Beckenbauer down, badly hurting his shoulder. The rest of the game, we know, he was obliged to play with his arm in a sling, and since the Germans had already thrown on their substitutes, there was no replacing him. There might, perhaps, have been a faint touch of poetic justice to it all, for the game against England at Leon was turned by the inserting of Jurgen Grabowski, a purely tactical substitute for a player who had been ineffective, but not injured.

In a miniature league, the West Germans, like England, would have had another chance. There is also the likelihood that the two best teams in the competition—probably England and Brazil—would get through to the Final; though what if these two are drawn in the same qualifying group?

The odd thing is that, despite the sometimes arbitrary nature of World Cups, the winner usually turns out to be the best team. The exception which proved the rule was, of course, the 1954 tournament, when West Germany, having lost 8-3 to Hungary in a preliminary match, beat them 3-2 in the Final. But who could deny that Brazil were much the best team when they won the tournament in 1958, 1962 and 1970? Perhaps they were the best team, too, when they lost on the post to Uruguay in 1950; but that was a competition bedevilled and vitiated by the withdrawal of several teams.

Boninsegna of Italy shows his delight at a goal for his country in their semi-final match against West Germany in Mexico last year.

S ABOUT A FOR N 1974

'If you are going to tilt your competition towards a league, you are better off going the whole way'

Rival skippers, Facchetti of Italy and Seeler of West Germany.

allowing Uruguay to qualify for the final pool (a four-team league, remember; there was no Final as such) merely by defeating the feeble Bolivians 8-0.

All in all, then, I am not optimistic about the new system. It is also, I think, arguable that if you are going to tilt your competition so heavily towards the format of a league, you are better off to go the whole way and run it completely as a League, rather than tack a World Cup Final on to the end of it. The third and fourth place match, as we know, isn't worth a button, generally providing the most dreary of anti-climactic spectacles between two disappointed sides.

Economic

If one may paraphrase Gertrude Stein, it is arguable that a cup is a cup is a cup, and however much you dress the lady up, a cup she remains. In other words, a tournament which runs its course in less than three weeks can shut its eyes and pray for a final result that is at once significant and just, but it isn't entitled to expect it.

There is something a little pathetic about the sight of non-League clubs scrambling and spending to get into the Football League. Cambridge United and now the plucky Wigan club have hired public relations consultants to help them to put their case. Cambridge have succeeded, for what it is worth, and Wigan probably deserve to, yet at this moment it is very hard to understand why any little non-League club should want to get into the League. That way, surely, economic suicide lies, for they must come out of their smug and comfortable regionalised competitions, into the bleak world of a national competition played by clubs which cannot afford it.

Below the Second Division, national competition, today, is a patent absurdity, and the decision of the Football League to discontinue the regionalised Third Divisions, South and North, in 1958 seems more stupid year by year. Equally silly is Wigan's announced decision to turn their players full-time, as a sprat to catch the mackerel of League status. At Maine Road, in the third round of the Cup, they were the unluckiest team imaginable to lose to Manchester City, and would surely have had a replay if their goalkeeper's boot hadn't split, resulting in that unlucky goal-kick straight to Neil Young, and the subsequent goal by Colin Bell.

How wonderfully they reacted, in those closing minutes when, you would have supposed, a part-time team might have been expected to give up the ghost, the psychological shock exacerbating their physical weariness! Yet it was Manchester City, not Wigan, who were then on the ropes; living proof that Wigan's part-timers were admirably fit. For Manchester City, after all, are one of the most stringently and scientifically trained teams in Europe.

Non-regional

There is talk, too, of a Football Alliance, feeding and being fed by the Fourth Division; this, too, to be non-regional! What financial insanity! While the Boltons and Blackburns struggle to live, while the clubs of the Third and Fourth Divisions feel the wind blow colder every season, we blithely think of creating a Fifth Division....

What we need, as one has so often suggested before, is a larger rather than a smaller Football League, in which honest men are made of our senior amateur clubs, and every decent side in the country can fix its sights, however remotely, on the ultimate mirage of League status—gained from the depths of regionalised competition. There would be no need for public relations campaigns, then; and all the better.

Speaking Personally

LESLIE VERNON

Refs must attain some uniformity

REFEREEING, disciplinary committee findings and the entire machinery which controls football in this country are on the brink of a complete breakdown. These vital aspects of the game have been swept under the carpet for years, but the "Osgood-case" indicates that there must be an immediate re-examination of the system before its ludicrous inadequacy and unfairness turns big-time professional football into nothing less than a contemptible lottery.

The first question that has to be asked is: what has happened to the pre-match chats between refs and players? Is this well-intentioned practice still in operation or has it been forgotten like a bad joke told too often?

If, as I suspect, it is still the norm, then I wonder what the referees do tell the players? I am a qualified referee myself, although I only pursue this painful hobby on park pitches on Sunday mornings.

According to my recollection, I, as a referee, am obliged to caution a player (book him!) if—1, he enters the field of play without permission; 2, if he persistently infringes the laws of the game; 3, if he shows by word or action, dissent from any decision given by me; 4, if he is guilty of ungentlemanly conduct.

How about dismissals? Well, a player should be sent off, if he is guilty of violent conduct or serious foul play; if he uses foul or abusive language; if he persists in misconduct after having received a caution.

Commandments

Sounds clear enough, and there is no real need for a pre-match sermon to remind the boys of these simple commandments. But, unfortunately, the referees in this country must have been wearing different glasses when they learned (?) these rules, and every single one of them practises his own version of them.

I have seen players booked because they handled the ball deliberately, and others in another game, get away with punch-ups without having their names dutifully dotted down in the little black book. In other words, in practically every game, almost all the players could be booked, but most of them are lucky enough to escape scot-free.

English domestic football is notoriously over-tough, a mean streak has been injected into the players, who are already over-stimulated by sky-high bonuses and psychological pressures. Too many of them walk on the pitch in the same frame of mind as a Roman gladiator might have done—victory or defeat equals life or death.

The gaping discrepancy and lack of uniformity in refereeing, plus the players' vicious approach to the game, have brought about the present chaotic situation. To receive or not to receive a caution is purely a question of chance, just like getting a parking ticket.

Everyone is guilty of the offence, but only the unlucky ones get caught. Peter Osgood was unfortunate six times, consequently, he was sentenced to eight long weeks of idleness. Others, more guilty than Osgood, must be laughing all the way to the dressing-rooms. They are too clever to be caught—too "professional" to use a fashionable adjective.

The problem is so acute that I would like to see a clear-cut no-nonsense statement issued by the FA, which would spell out the offences for which a player MUST be booked or sent off.

In my view, a player should be cautioned if he commits an intentional foul, especially in the vicinity of his own penalty area. Otherwise, the existing laws are quite adequate to deal with any form of misconduct, but all the refs, at all times, must be compelled to apply them. If an equally firm hand holds the whistle at every game, then a booking will really mean a deserved black mark against the player's name, and three bookings should result in a suspension—not in a suspended sentence, which is harmful to all concerned.

Consequence

The trouble is, of course, that so many bad precedents have been created, that a new healthier and more just system would appear unfair. But this is an inevitable consequence of all reforms, whether they be ultimately beneficial or not. The disciplinary system is in a mess, it has to be reorganised—so let's wipe the slate clean!

There is a traitor in our camp! My distinguished fellow contributor, Brian Glanville, doesn't like international tournaments—or perhaps he is just not too keen on the ones we have at present. In January, he wrote in World Soccer: "I don't, as a competition, like the European Championship, which I would willingly see disappear into limbo."

In December, 1970: "I just won't swallow the Fairs Cup, any more than I will swallow the Cup Winners Cup!" In both issues, he went on explaining why he doesn't approve of these competitions.

Brian also criticised the World Cup grouping system at the qualifying stage, and stated that European Cup ties should be reduced to one match only according to the luck of the draw. Well, that takes care of nearly all existing tournaments, and it is needless to add that I for one would not dare to mention the Texaco Cup or the Anglo-Italian tournament when Mr. G. is around.

The only international encounter which has his full approval is the annual battle between the Chelsea Casuals (left-back and general factotum = B.G.!) and a team of Swiss students living in London. I have had the pleasure of refereeing this particular event, and although it was most enjoyable, it didn't quite come up to the Arsenal v. Anderlecht Fairs Cup Final standard.

But seriously, Brian, you're doing a grand job (to borrow a phrase), but I totally disagree with you. I do like the European Championship, although, in my view, the final stages should be played off in a neutral country. I also like all three well-established club competitions, even the much maligned Fairs Cup, which in future, will wear the more non-committal "UEFA" label.

Happily, the paying customers are on my side, and these tournaments are assured of a bright future. Of course, Glanville the football fanatic, is a different animal from the professional commentator, and no blizzard, snow-storm or heat-wave can ever keep him away from the matches he would like to see disappear into limbo....

West German clubs tour overseas

IN West Germany, most of the *Bundesliga* clubs used the six-week break between the Cup-round of December 12 and the resumption of the battle for points on January 23, to embark on partly extensive overseas tours. Champions Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach, and their namesakes from Dortmund, both visited Israel. VfB Stuttgart played in Tunisia; Kickers Offenbach and Rot-weiss Oberhausen travelled to Jamaica, Haiti and Bermuda respectively; Hamburger SV performed in Mexico and USA but the most strenuous journeys were undertaken by Bayern Munich across Argentina, Peru, Colombia and Mexico and by Cologne who visited Spain, Argentina, Uruguay (where they beat the national side 2-1!) and Peru.

The most interesting innovation is the use of yellow (for caution) and red cards (for dismissal) by the referees during the second half of the season. This idea first tried out successfully during the Mexico World Cup will be tested, before being officially adopted by the DFB.

As I write, the League campaign is developing into a two-horse race. Bayern Munich and Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach are running neck-and-neck with the champions just ahead on goal-difference: 47-17 to 38-14. Two wins over Kickers Offenbach (3-1) and Hamburger SV (3-0) have put Gladbach in a strong position after two rounds upon resumption. But Bayern who defeated VfB Stuttgart only by 1-0 at home did well to hold fifth-placed Hertha to a 3-3 draw.

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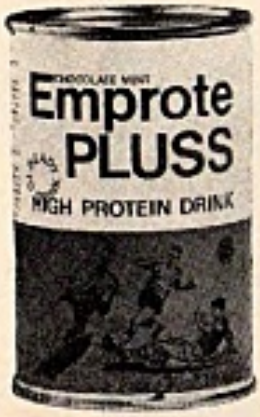

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English referees losing reputation

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

IN the January edition of WORLD SOCCER I warned that English referees are gradually losing their reputation of being the world's best, mainly because of their tolerant attitude towards rough play, next to other examples of inferior control. Statistics for 1970 confirm the opinion that English officials are no longer in such demand as in the past. In 1969 nine referees each from England and France headed the list of those in charge of international games. But last year the most sought-after officials were Swiss (nine), followed by West Germans (eight), Italians and Austrians (seven each), Scots and Rumanians (six each).

Rudolf Scheurer (Switzerland) alone controlled five matches, Tschenscher (West Germany) and Sbardella (Italy) four apiece, Rudulescu (Rumania), Marschall (Austria), Wharton (Scotland), Van Ravens (Holland) and Bucheli (Switzerland) three games each. Interesting to note that no referees were selected from Albania, Iceland, Luxembourg, Turkey and Czechoslovakia!

These figures are related to 132 official internationals, involving either European or South American teams. They were divided into 32 World Cup matches in the Mexico finals, 24 European Championship games, plus 76 other meetings. Attendances totalled 4.45 million for an average of 34,000 per match. The highest gates: Mexico v. Belgium (WC) 108,192; Brazil v. Italy (WC) 107,412; Mexico v. Russia (WC) 107,160; West Germany v. Uruguay (WC) 104,403; Mexico v. El Salvador (WC) 103,058 and Italy v. West Germany (WC) 102,444.

Significant

Not surprisingly the greatest number of games was staged in Mexico City (12), followed by Leon (seven), Gaudalajara (six), all in Mexico, then in Lima (five), Athens and Toluca four each.

Other highly significant points to emerge from these statistics concern the high ratio of away victories, namely 34 as compared with merely 36 home wins and 33 draws. In addition, 29 games took place on neutral grounds.

Quite alarming on the other hand is the sudden drop in goal average to 2.37 per match (313 goals in 132 games). In previous years the ratio was 3.11 (1967), 2.9 (1968) and 3.27 (1969). A total of 145 goals was scored in the first, and 161 in the second half, plus seven in extra time (World Cup). The division of scoring per each quarter of a match: 1–15 mins.—13.4%; 16–30 mins.—18.8%; 31–45 mins.—14%. First half—46.2%—46–60 mins.—21%; 61–75 mins.—13.4%; 76–90 mins.—16.9%. Second half—51.3%. In extra time—2.2%.

Whether the above details prove that international games—including friendlies—are also being infested with defensive methods remains to be seen. But while our managers continue to embrace the art of preventing goals, the expression "attacking football" will be just a meaningless phrase used merely to describe a naive tactician.

Organised

There is little doubt that fewer goals also mean fewer spectators. The slump in attendances even in such well organised soccer lands as England and West Germany seriously threatens the popularity and the very existence of the game. The "cult of the system" and the fear of losing are the major factors which drive the fans away from the stadiums. At the end of the year, the goal averages in 22 European Leagues distinctly showed a downward trend—as only six countries registered a higher scoring ratio than in 1969–70. In the English First Division the average went down from 2.62 to 2.51, while in Scotland it fell from 3.08 to 2.90.

England and FIFA referee Jack Taylor.

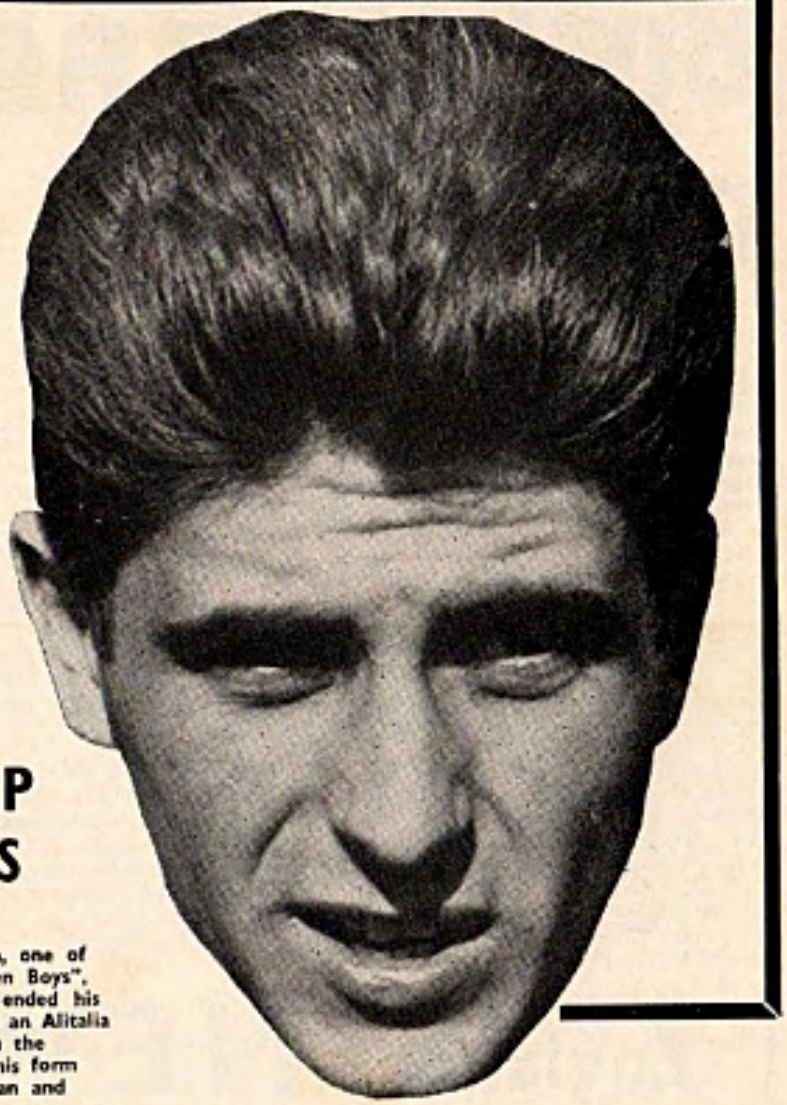
	Games	Goals	Average
Luxembourg	66	242	3.66
Switzerland	98	326	3.32
East Germany	91	284	3.12
Eire	84	262	3.11
Austria	120	359	2.99
France	190	566	2.97
Scotland	162	470	2.90
Hungary	120	336	2.80
Holland	144	390	2.70
West Germany	153	413	2.69
Bulgaria	120	315	2.62
England (Second Division)	231	594	2.57
Belgium	120	307	2.55
England (First Division)	231	581	2.51
Portugal	105	259	2.46
Rumania	120	292	2.43
Spain	120	291	2.42
Yugoslavia	153	366	2.39
Poland	91	212	2.32
Czechoslovakia	120	263	2.19
Greece	108	236	2.18
Italy	96	208	2.16

Interesting to find that in smaller, semi-amateur countries like Luxembourg and Switzerland the fans are likely to cheer more goals than in the highly professional leagues. For those who claim that goals are everything in football, I can recommend the World Cup finals. Every series has so far brought a higher scoring ratio than in any of the above listed domestic championships:

	Venue	Games	Goals	Average
1930	Uruguay	18	70	3.88
1934	Italy	17	70	4.11
1938	France	18	84	4.66
1950	Brazil	22	88	4.00
1954	Switzerland	26	140	5.38
1958	Sweden	27	126	4.66
1962	Chile	24	89	3.70
1966	England	24	89	3.70
1970	Mexico	24	95	3.95

PRIVATE LIVES IN FOCUS

by PHILIP EVANS



Gianni Rivera, one of Italy's "Golden Boys", has recently ended his romance with an Alitalia air hostess in the interests of his form with AC Milan and Italy.

IT isn't mere facetiousness that inclines one to see events during the month of January as being an Italian ladies' month. For the private lives of several important players have intruded dramatically on to their public performances.

The happiness first, and you look at Corso, playing better now than he has ever played. Corso has always been something of a *bona fide* circus entertainer, with his flamboyant personality reflected in the game he plays, all delicacy and trickery. Eighteen months ago Corso took to himself a wife, and the change in his private status has been dramatically mirrored in his soccer performance.

His play is steadier, less inclined towards the spectacular, more consistent than it has ever been. In the past month Inter have won four of their five games, drawn the fifth, and are on the verge of challenging Milan for the lead in the table. In this Corso has come right to the fore, the motor of the team, full of running and accurate passing, willing to challenge for the ball in defence, carry it upfield, distribute intelligently towards the arts of Boninsegna. And he is the first to admit that the new responsibility off the pitch has benefited his performance on it.

Scrutiny

Then Rivera. For months now those garish and colourful Italian weeklies have buzzed with the news of his romance with an Alitalia air hostess called Irene Zarpanely. And all was well until Rivera's form became patchy. Brilliant one minute, banal the next, Rivera's attitude towards the game came under close scrutiny from the Milan management who presented him with the inevitable ultimatum. And the girl went. Which makes one wonder whether Rivera will ever be allowed to marry while he plays top football.

On to Anastasi, who has shown wretched form all season. Picchi finally came to the inevitable move of "resting" him from the Juventus team. It is true that Anastasi was in hospital during the summer undergoing operation. It is also true that he married and has recently become a father of a small boy. Perhaps when he has fully adjusted to the rigours of married life he will rediscover his best form on the football field. But Bettega didn't complain.

On the first Sunday of Anastasi's rest-period the young left-winger scored a hat-trick against lowly Catania, thereby doubling his tally of goals for the season. The fact that all three goals were scored from the centre-forward position couldn't have pleased Anastasi overmuch. But he will be back, a genuine class striker at a time when the breed is terribly scarce.

Precaution

Finally Chinaglia and Lazio, having a miserable season, at the bottom of the table as I write. Last season Chinaglia scored good goals with fair regularity and it was never a secret that AC Milan were eager to sign him during the summer. This season he has scored twice, missed a hatful of simple chances.

His wife is shortly expecting a child, and Chinaglia has taken the precaution of sending her to Napoli for the simple reason that her life had become unbearable in Rome. Every time she sallied on to the streets she was insulted and ridiculed. And Chinaglia sorrowfully admitted that his game had suffered under this private tension.

Lazio, perhaps, have suffered as much as any team from the vile weather conditions that have prevailed in Italy recently. They have a smallish team, perhaps unable to work their way through the snow and the mud. Ferruccio Mazzola for one, must pray for some firm grounds upon which to play. AC Milan, also seem to find it harder to play in heavy conditions. Hardly surprising when one considers the delicacy of Rivera's play.

Most worrying about Milan is their tendency to throw away points against teams whom they should manage to defeat with ease. It could yet be their undoing. Milan and Inter meet for a crunch-game on March 5, and it is generally assumed that this is the game that will decide the destiny of the championship. Maybe, maybe not. But it won't be the most staggering surprise of the century if the game ends in a draw.

Certainly Inter cannot afford to be beaten in that game if they are to maintain their challenge right through to the end. Boninsegna and Prati will run on to the pitch hoping that the other man doesn't score, but for more than merely sectarian reasons. Both are well in the running for the title of top goal-scorer for the season.

Bojkov is new manager

THE speculation about the future of Rajko Mitic has been settled—by his decision not to renew his contract and the national squad step several paces back. Not perhaps right back to the point they were three years ago when no one wanted to play for Yugoslavia—on one infamous occasion the FA bus left Belgrade bound for Sofia with only half a team, the others being picked up en route after hurried phone calls to clubs between Belgrade and the frontier. Sick, studying, too busy, injured—these were the excuses, but in reality caps meant nothing at the time. Then came Mitic and a transformation that maybe even surprised themselves when he led them to the final of the 1968 European Nations Cup and took host country Italy to extra time and a replay!

Mitic recommended Vojvodina (Novi Sad) coach Vujadin Bojkov to be his successor but the FA compromised with a temporary solution. Bojkov is "chairman" until July 1 of a seven-man committee that includes several Division I managers—Cajkowski (Dinamo Zagreb), Miljanic (Red Star) and Zec (Partizan).

Before the winter break Partizan just managed to retain their one point lead over Hajduk Split with an 85th-minute goal (Djekovic) at home to Vojvodina. Dinamo, now six points behind, crashed 2-1 away to Radnicki Kragujevac but the most unusual result was the goal-less draw at Ljubljana where Hajduk, needing a win, surprisingly agreed to let the score stand and abandon the game.

In blinding snow and freezing cold it was reasonable not to complete the match but to "arrange" a draw? Hajduk might need the point they could have had that day and no doubt either they or the FA will ask for a replay.

So at the end of the first half—a tough one too with the 15th round underlining this. On that day leaders Partizan were held to 1-1 at home to FK Bor (in last place), while relegation-worried Crvenka eased their problems a bit with a 5-1 win over Radnicki (Krag) but four men (two from each side) were sent off.

Vujadin Bojkov

England beat Malta

A GOAL from Martin Peters was all England could manage against a spirited Malta side in the first of their European Championship matches. England fielded four new caps in Colin Harvey, Roy MacFarland, Martin Chivers and Joe Royle but, even allowing for the diabolical pitch, one goal was hardly what was expected.

On the same day Northern Ireland defeated Cyprus 3-0 in Nicosia with goals from Jimmy Nicholson, Derek Dougan and George Best (penalty).

Scotland, meanwhile, were suffering an ignominious defeat, 3-0, by Belgium. Conditions were appalling but cannot be used as an excuse by the Scots. Van Moer of Belgium showed that the pitch could be mastered but none of the Scots looked capable of scoring.

An own goal by Ron McKinnon started the rot and Paul Van Himst added two more to complete a night of misery for Scotland.

NEW LOOK?

THE Turkey team has taken on a new look in more ways than one—with two selector-managers in half a season and an impressive 1-1 draw against West Germany in Cologne! To emphasise the new look, the German press committed the unforgivable boob in publishing the Turkish team in surname fashion, thus doubly confounding their international colleagues who had been led to expect a "new" team based on last season's league runners-up, Eskisehirspor.

Indeed the Turkish line-up certainly did look new with Artuner in goal (Ali), Aktuna at right-back (Ercan) and Acuner (Ergun) at left-back. In parentheses are the more familiar christian names and, in fact, despite two men from Eskisehirspor (Ender and Kamuran) it was pretty much the Fenerbahce-Galatasaray combination that has represented Turkey for years.

The "new" boss who pulled off this mini-miracle against Müller-Overath & Co. (not to mention Helmut Schön) was the comparatively unknown Sabri Kiraz, manager of Ankaragucu. After proving himself the FA then informed him that they believed in the principle of one man one job and demanded that he give up his club post.

Sabri declined and was promptly replaced by Dogan Andac, until then manager of the reasonably successful Turkish Army team. The new boss's first task was to beat Albania which he did achieve even if it was a close run thing. Fielding an almost unchanged team the Turks got an early goal through Metin after four minutes—Metin Kurt (Galatasaray) and not the famous Metin Oktay ... first names again ... but the Albanians were very impressive. Equalising after 20 minutes, they held out to 1-2—centre-forward Cemil of Istanbulspor getting the decisive goal late in the first half. Cemil Turan, 23, made his début this season in the 1-3 defeat against the USSR (and scored) and seems destined for a bright future. Off to a good start in the European Championship the Turks will no doubt revert to their customary status quite soon and certainly they will not find it easy to beat Albania in Tirana. Come to that, neither will Helmut Schön.

In the domestic scene Abdullah Gegic (Yugoslav-born) boss of Partizan Belgrade when they put Manchester United out of the European Cup semi-finals back in 1966 is still keeping Eskisehirspor within touching distance of the top club three points away, but surprisingly this is Bursarspor and between them are the old firms—Galatasaray and Fenerbahce.

THOMPSON IS FIRED

by HANS MOLENAAR

ONE of the few British team-managers left in Dutch football, Bill Thompson, has been sacked by his club Haarlem who languish perilously close to the foot of the league table.

Thompson, a Scotsman who once managed Sparta Rotterdam, is a former Portsmouth player. He served Pompey for six years between 1953 and 1959 and has had spells of management in both the USA and Kuwait.

But the main news in Holland centres around the exciting struggle which has developed at the top of the League. ADO (The Hague) and Sparta (Rotterdam), the early pace-setters, were finally caught after a series of happenings. First Sparta faulted and then ADO were held by the hard-running Holland Sport to a draw and when, a week later, they collapsed at the hands of Ajax (3-0) the writing was on the wall. Piet Keizer began things and inevitably Johan Cruyff obliged with a couple. The latter is again in brilliant form and seems all out to impress would-be buyers for it still seems certain that he will be leaving Amsterdam at the end of the season.

Benefactors during this period were Feyenoord, for previously Ajax had dropped a point a week earlier to MVV in Maastricht. Feyenoord went to the top for the first time this season and after 19 games held a two-point advantage over PSV of Eindhoven, ADO and Sparta with Ajax a further point away in fifth position.

If Feyenoord stay on top, and they are once again favourites, then it seems likely that manager Ernst Happel will remain for at least another season but the whisper is, should the club fail then he would like to move on to new conquests. And it could be too that both of Holland's undoubted top two clubs may well start next season with new managers. Ajax boss Rinus Michels has announced that he will not sign another contract in his quest for a change of scenery. FC Bruges of Belgium were quick to inquire about his services as the contract of their own manager, former Dutch international goalkeeper Frans de Munck, expires at the end of the present season.

Resounding victory

February started disastrously for new leaders Feyenoord. A stunning first-minute goal brought them defeat away to NEC at Nijmegen (eighth) and meant that wins by all of the following pack, including Ajax's 1-0 victory over DWS and ADO's resounding 6-0 win over poor Haarlem, created an even tighter situation. ADO, Sparta, Feyenoord and PSV were now level with 31 points, while Ajax remained just a single point behind. FC Twente were the only club in touch with the group. With a game in hand they stood handily placed on 27 points. The others are even at this stage out of the hunt. The nearest club to Twente is seven points further adrift.

The race at the top has seldom been so close. The same applies to opposite end of the table where eight others are involved with the fight against relegation. The eight are Alkmaar '67, Excelsior, Haarlem, Volendam, NAC Breda, Holland Sport, Telstar and DWS.

For the latter these are serious times indeed. One-time champions of Holland, the club has slipped so badly recently that they announced they will no longer be playing at the Amsterdam Olympic Stadium because they can't afford to pay the rent!

Before DWS another Amsterdam-based club, Blauw-Wit, were the residents of the 60,000 capacity stadium built for the 1928 Olympics but as both have found things too tough it looks as if the ground will have no team of its own to boast in future. DWS's average crowd is a mere 5,000 so certainly the decision is understandable.

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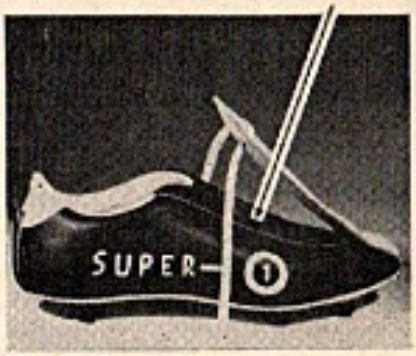

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Morocco sack Vidinic

LITTLE more than a year ago Morocco shocked everyone by crushing Bulgaria, who had earned quite a reputation at the time and already gained a place in the World Cup last 16. So, too, had Morocco and in Mexico they proved that if they were not yet ready to challenge the leading soccer nations on equal terms they were at least no pushover—as West Germany discovered in their encounter with the North Africans.

Since then, however, much has happened and after only just managing to hold off the challenge of Algeria, who took a 3-1 lead in their home leg of their African Nations Cup tie against Morocco (after being down an early goal), national selector-coach Blagomir Vidinic has been dismissed.

To be sure, the Moroccans won their home game with Algeria (3-0) for a 4-3 aggregate win but other factors contributed apart from the reverse in Algiers and Vidinic's much criticised decision to play the "Italian game" in the first encounter.

Sponsored

The real story behind the passing of Vidinic lies in the performances of FAR, the Rabat club of the Moroccan Army and sponsored by the Royal family. After a disastrous start to the season and occupying 12th place in the 16-club top flight last October, FAR engaged a new coach—Sabino Barinaga. Aged 46, much travelled and with broad experience in Spain (where he was born) Barinaga has many advantages apart from the obvious fact that he's no slouch at his trade.

Brought up in England, he spent 12 years playing centre-forward for Real Madrid after returning home to Spain and since then he has had spells with half the top teams there. In addition he was coach of the Spanish 1966 World Cup team which took part in the final stages in England and finally had a prestige boosting spell in Nigeria some time ago.

With the arrival of Barinaga the fortunes of the Fuerzas Armees Royales improved almost overnight. Zooming up the table they have won four and drawn two of their last six league games which in the Greek fashion (three points for a win and one for finishing the game, etc.) was worth 20 points. With Barinaga having worked the miracle and Vidinic falling out of favour, the influence of the FA and the Royal Family was enough, though Settat (a surprise) and Sidi Kacem still have a slight edge on the Army in the league race.

FOUR POINTS FOR BELGIUM

WITH peace being once more the keynote within the ranks of the national squad, the home defeat against France appears to have done more than a little to boost the chances of qualifying for the European Championship.

Van Himst is clearly too good a player to be omitted and manager Raymond Goethals knows it only too well. Now with four points in their bin after victories over Denmark and Scotland and the fourth member of their group, Portugal, going through a lean period, two good performances in Lisbon and Brussels against Eusebia and Co. could virtually clinch things.

Goethals has just the man for Eusebio in Dockx, the burly and exuberant wing-half who showed up well a year ago against England at the Parc Astrid and is just the kind of player to persuade Eusebio that "this" is just not one of his days—as Nobby Stiles can do simply by having his name printed on the match programme.

In the league race it's still Royal Standard FC (Liege) from FC Bruges and RSC Anderlecht with a re-enlivened Lierse SK fourth but too far back to interfere except perhaps by robbing one or more of the contenders of a vital point here and there.

Other sides are capable of such deeds, too, but for sheer consistency the title should go once more to Standard. But having started the second half of the campaign, Standard still lead Bruges by only two points and have one more in hand over the Brussels club.

With opponents so close every game has the atmosphere of a Cup Final and how much good those two points "thrown" away in Antwerp would help morale and confidence. Fielding four foreigners, contravening the league rule which says three, Standard put up a stout argument on legal grounds claiming that under the Treaty of Rome (the basis of the Common Market) West Germans cannot be classed as foreign workers in member countries.

In a court of law it would stand up but the FA were unimpressed. Take away that 0-5 statutory defeat, however, and Standard's 28 points—12 wins and 4 draws for a goals tally of 37 to 6 looks close to the ultimate in consistency and if they don't amble home they should take the title.

In the FA Cup the draw for the quarter-finals produced the beauty—the first two out of the hat . . . Anderlecht and Standard, the Liege club being away for the third time in all three rounds.

Paul Van Himst, reinstated to the Belgium team for the match against Scotland.

Bulgarian Footballer of the Year, Stefan Aladjov.

Bojkov to be reinstated?

A WRETCHED performance in the World Cup — unfamiliar Mexican conditions being no excuse remembering that Bulgaria were there in 1968 to reach the Olympics final and should have known all about the problems—led to FA reorganisation and the chopping of selector-manager Stefan Bojkov.

Public reaction and their disinclination to attend matches rather forced this on the FA but it looks as if Bojkov's "fall" may be only temporary. At FA expense he has been sent to "study" in West Germany while Under-23 team boss Berkov goes to Italy.

Bojkov's cute quote to the German press was: "We want to learn but not copy", and the tone of official statements suggests that he will be reinstated after the reappraisal.

This has taken an unusual form with all manager-coaches of Division I and II clubs being called to Sofia for a one-week crash course and lectures from specially invited "experts" from Rumania, Yugoslavia and USSR and it is hoped in the near future West German boss Helmut Schoen will go to Sofia to add his advice.

The public attitude was summed up by one press headline—"Back to 1953" (when their game was a non-starter in the big league sense) and the international records for the two years are interesting:

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1953	7	0	3	4
1970	11	1	6	4

Much wanted

Perhaps the biggest surprise lies in the goals tally for 1970—17 to 23—suggesting that the much vaunted Simeon Simeonov who so impressed all England at Wembley not long ago has much to answer for. Certainly he was well below his Wembley level during the World Cup, and Bojkov's problem could be that simple.

Footballer of the Year is Levski's left-back Stefan Aladjov ... a good choice and leaders at the half-way mark are CSKA Sofia, current Cup holders. Somewhat surprisingly, despite their record: 11 wins, three draws and only one defeat they are only three points ahead of much improved Botev Vratza but Petar Jekov, "the bomber" who scored so freely a year ago, is nowhere in the current scorers' list. CSKA's Yakimov has 18 with Vassilev (Lok. Plovdiv) ten and six men on eight, none of whom are well known apart from CSKA's Nikodimov.

PETROPOULOS IN COMMAND

FOLLOWING a disastrous year for the national team it was generally expected that Lakis Petropoulos, who took the Greeks within touching distance of a place in the Mexican sun—they drew twice with group winners Rumania—would be replaced, but while a section of the FA lobby was all in favour this idea was scotched by the insistence of Sports Minister Kostas Aslanidis.

At the insistence of the Ministry, Petropoulos's position has been reinforced by a new four-year contract, clearly the reasonable view that having gone so close once the man deserved a second opportunity being that which prevailed.

No doubt the Greeks' pride was seriously dented during 1970, particularly by that 1-1 draw away to Malta which counts for the European championship, but the departure of key inside-forward George Sideris for Belgium hasn't helped and the continuing upheavals (and club suspensions of players after defeats) has only added to the problems.

In the championship race, with 15 of the 34 games played, it looks like another two-horse race between the established teams AEK and Panathinaikos. The two sides recently played an entertaining 1-1 draw on AEK's ground (35,000) and at press time AEK lead Pan by two points with Puskas's team having a game in hand.

In Greece, remember, a draw is worth two points and a victory three, but AEK have more home games to play than Panathinaikos. Pressing them close are Panionios, who have former Birmingham City man Joe Mallet in charge. Like AEK, Panionios have assembled 38 Greek points from 15 games (and scored more goals) so with the third "big" Athens club Olympiakos temporarily sub-standard the poor neighbours Panionios have at least a theoretical chance.

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BARCELO ON THE M

SIXTEEN months ago Barcelona was the stormy petrel of Spanish football, the most mixed-up club in the country.

The board of directors, known as the Board of Dictators, was split from end to end, undermined by differences with each member struggling for personal kudos. Their manager, as the previous ten (in ten years) was the loneliest man in the world, deserted by board, players and public. The team's morale was non-existent.

There was tremendous support from a loyal but disillusioned and protesting public. There was money which never seemed to be used judiciously. But the club had a chip on its shoulder ... an inferiority complex ... always seeing discrimination where discrimination never existed. They were anti-everything and everybody ... a lonely club with hardly any friends.

Barcelona Club de Futbol was in a shambles.

Candidates

In November (1969) atrocious results (hardly a rarity then) caused a new and alarming crisis. President Narcisso de Carreras and his board resigned and new presidential elections called. After several weeks of bitter electioneering between candidates of the "inner circle" and the "popular front", Don Agustin Montal, supported by an array of ex-presidents, vice-presidents and VIPs, surprisingly beat the popular candidate by a majority of 14 votes.

The new encumbent, 38 years of age, son of a distinguished past-president, had to be protected from howling opposition supporters as he left the Palace of Nations after the result was declared.

President Montal drove straight to a nearby hotel where he presented to press and supporters his nomination for manager, hidden away until the result was known. He was Englishman Vic Buckingham, formerly chief of Bradford, WBA, Ajax (Holland), Fulham and for a few short weeks, Etnikos (Greece).

Within ten days Barcelona's performances improved ... their first game under Buckingham, against Real Madrid, ended in an impressive 1-0 victory ... and by the end of the season they had surprised everyone by rising from 12th to fourth position in the League, losing only two of their last 15 games. They finished above Real Madrid for the first time since 1959. There is no doubt that had Buckingham had charge of the team from the season's opening, the championship might well have been theirs. They finish fourth ... yet failed to win away until the 25th of 30 matches.

Report by

Vic told me: "There was nothing wrong with Barcelona except a shocking lack of morale and discipline, and their difficulty of playing *as a team*. The playing staff had tremendous ability, but they were simply not working together."

President Montal and his board in the meantime had set to work reorganising the famous club. Transformation began to take shape and everything changed for the better ... except their Federation-Real Madrid baiting mania. At the annual assembly President Montal proved no less difficult than his predecessors and his uncontrolled critical outburst after the sensational riot game brought him a serious official warning from the Football Federation and other high authorities.

Diplomatic

Whether it was this censure, the playing success, or President Montal seeing the red light and danger of the club's stormy petrel reputation, we shall never know. But from that moment Barcelona took on a new dignified and diplomatic image. The bitter poison that was undermining the club's progress and popularity disappeared and Don Agustin Montal soon became the strongest president the club has had for years.

When the present season opened Barcelona continued in the same inspired and impressive manner that served them so well in last year's campaign. The pre-season 5-0 defeat by Moscow Dynamo frightened the passionately delirious fans, who so much in character, demanded Buckingham's scalp. But President Montal and Senor Vic remained calm and unperturbed. Everyone put the club first and in spite of the grave injury to Asensi, for whom Barcelona paid a Spanish record fee during the summer lay-off, and to Duenas, another big-fee signing, they became winter champions (first half of the League programme).

Barcelona, back row left to right: Sadurni, Rife, Gallego, Eladio, Torres, Zabalza. Front row: Rexach, Juan Carlow, Marti, Filosia, Marcial, Pujol.

NA BACK AIN LINE

NORMAN CUTLER

Buckingham got the best out of Marcial, former costliest Spanish player, who joined Barcelona two years ago; although never clicked ... he developed into a sensation a local-born right-winger, Carlos Rexach ... dropped old stars and brought in players the public disapproved (Marti Filosia and Juan Carlos) ... with the result Barcelona are now firm favourites for the title.

The arrival of the 23-year-old Rexach —nine years with the club but forgotten and frequently ceded to other teams—is one of Buckingham's master strokes. Since being brought into the side Rexach has become first choice, the League's leading goalscorer, a Spanish international and an important member of Kubala's national squad.

Just as satisfying is the fact that Barcelona are also leaders of the League's Correction Table, losing only ten points compared with Atletico Madrid's 55. Gallego and Eladio (who Buckingham shrewdly made captain), known as the "wild men" of Spanish football, abused at every ground, and *persona non grata* in Belgium, have become so angelic they are sprouting wings ... and are better players for it. Pressures and nerves have disappeared, incidents have become rare and Barcelona have become a delight to watch.

Elegance

Referees call this new look comportment "eerie and uncanny". One says "It scares me" ... another "They'll all be singing in the local church choir soon." But mercy ... don't let me discourage them. This is a new refreshing Barcelona, blushing with an hitherto unknown elegance and with such a likeable image. (Heaven ... even *I* find myself enthusing about them.)

Vic Buckingham, with the help of President Montal, and of course the players, has done what no manager has been able to do for years ... raised the morale and built a *team*, cut down the ego of stars to the level of the less publicised (or vice-versa) ... and created a brilliant, entertaining and successful side.

Buckingham's Palace is a happy place nowadays in spite of having 12 reserve players, among them Mora, Franch, Ramoni, Fuste, Garcia, Castro, Bustillo, Zaldua, Duenas, Asensi and Paredes, whose total value is in the region of £1,000,000. Two shock home defeats—by Valencia 0-1 and Atletico Bilbao 0-1 ... shattered everyone, but President Montal and his board took them in their stride and with great dignity (so different from yesteryear when defeat brought cries of discrimination and other kinds of hanky panky).

Oh no ... this different, very admirable Barcelona is one of the better phenomenons of Spanish football ... a club all set to regain their lost greatness. President Montal, the man we all predicted was doomed to failure, rules over a transformed club ... so, as they say in Spain, "Aupa Barcelona".

Carlos Rexach, Barcelona's revelation of the season.

Language

In spite of the serious and determined atmosphere ... there have been some amusing incidents. Senor Vic's unconscious humour when struggling with the Spanish language ... talking of his *chicas* (girls) instead of *chicos* (boys); the famous former goalkeeper Antonio Ramallet being appointed (all unofficially) *masseur* of "Selection Barcelona" Ladies' XI and the sight of his face covered in lipstick when they won their first game ... and the time when we laughed and laughed and laughed at the *News of the World* article which described Barcelona as the richest club on earth, Wembley as insignificant compared with Nou Campo and declared that Buckingham would be out on his neck if Barcelona failed to win the league title.

President Montal soon put that nonsense into its right perspective. "Our economic situation is normal," he said, "no higher or better than any other first-class Spanish club." He added: "Many names have been associated with Barcelona since it was reported in the press that Mr. Buckingham might be retiring at the season's end. But until it is definite that he will be ending his football career, Barcelona has no interest in any other manager."

The question hanging over Buckingham's future arose from irresponsible, so-called "inside information" article, the kind that so often plagues Spanish football. The situation is made quite clear from Vic's comments.

"I have no definite plans about retirement and I say this with sincerity because I do not like lies. The season's end is a long way ahead and until then the matter is not relevant. In any case President Montal, not the press or public, will be the first to know of any development.

"If the President wants me to continue as manager I shall be very happy to do so. I like this club, I like this city. But I will say this, when the time comes for me to leave Barcelona I shall definitely be giving up football."

There is no doubt that Barcelona is back on the main line ... a power in the land ... a club with respect and one to be respected. The Barcelona of 1959 was one of the greatest clubs in Europe ... Barcelona 71 *et seq* may be even better.

Make no mistake behind the club's new look is D. Agustin Montal, coldly calculating in all he does, diplomatic, a man who lives for the club. His basic policy is: "The team and manager always come first, then the members and supporters." And on the once delicate Real Madrid-Barcelona feud the president says: "On the field Real Madrid are our greatest rivals ... off the field, our greatest friends."

French Newsletter . . . . . by Andre Duclos

National side wins plaudits in Argentina

FRENCH football is full of paradoxes. It has spawned the World Cup and the European Cup, it produces Europe's leading weekly football magazine, *France Football*, which sponsors the voting for the European Footballer of the Year, yet the professional game has been declining for years and crowds are almost insultingly low. A 3,000 attendance at a First Division game is still, alas, by no means the exception, while Paris continues to wait for its own First Division club, to replace the defunct Racing Club team.

If there is consolation, it must be two-fold; to be found, first in the success of the Olympique Marseilles club, secondly in the plaudits won by the French international party in its recent tour of South America. To beat Argentina 4-3 in the notorious Bombanera stadium of Boca Juniors in the very first match was no small feat. The game was a triumph for one of the two outstanding native-born French footballers of the moment, Georges Lech. Like his rival, Gilbert Gress, he is an outside-right by nature and origin, who tends now to operate in an inside-right position.

Sacked

He both made and scored a spectacular goal in the Bombanera, and the Argentinian critics deemed him capable of holding a place in any international team in the world. It must all be very satisfying for Lech, who is one of those rare cases of a prodigy who went off the boil, only to reaffirm himself as an even better player than he was in his youth. As an 18-year-old right-winger, playing for Lens, Lech was the great hope of the early 1960s, coming into the French team in season 1963–64, but his form, alas, didn't last until the 1966 World Cup.

His relation with Lens deteriorated. Both he and his younger brother, another forward, left the club, which promptly sacked their father, who had been given a job on the ground staff. Lech, now playing for Sochaux, is now an altogether more mature and effective player. He is one more of the infinity of good French footballers who have resulted from the marriage of a Polish miner with a French girl.

Gilbert Gress, on the other hand, is an Alsatian, and he would have been very pleased had he been able to return from Stuttgart, where he has been playing for several years past for VfB, to his local Strasbourg. It was Marseilles, however, who had the money and the determination to buy him, finishing ahead of a number of European clubs who would have liked to sign the talented forward. At Marseilles, Gress is playing at inside-right to the Swedish international, Roger Magnusson—who, it will be remembered, missed the 1970 World Cup because Marseilles insisted Sweden pay his wages. Last summer, they completed his transfer from Juventus, from whom he had been on loan—and for whom he has never been able to play a League game.

Magnusson it was who recommended to Marseilles that they sign Gress. He had admired him during the spell when he himself was playing in the Bundesliga, for Cologne.

At the same time Marseilles, making a thoroughly determined bid to contest St. Etienne's primacy in the French Championship, bought themselves an excellent goalkeeper in the 28-year-old Yugoslav international Pantelic, who had been half-hiding his effulgent light under a bushel in the Second Division, with the struggling Parisian club. Pantelic is not quite as mobile as he was after a bad injury, but he remains a gifted, spectacular goalkeeper who will make Marseilles a still more attractive side.

Younger

There have been changes, too, on the managerial side. M. Leclerc, the Olympique President, who has had his ups and downs with his manager, Mario Zatelli, recently kicked him upstairs and brought in the 57-year-old Lucien Leduc as team manager. As Zatelli is only a year older, the explanation that a younger man was needed to look after the training would hardly wash; the less so as Marseilles at the time were at the head of the League.

This isn't, however, Zatelli's first spell as technical director, working with a team manager, since a few seasons ago he ran in tandem with Robert Domergue.

Marseilles also have a famous striker in Josip Skoblar, the Yugoslav international, now operating at inside-left. Gress, who did not make the French tour of South America, will certainly reinforce the team in its bid to stay in the European Championship. Stuttgart released him because the club found itself in potential economic difficulties, a large number of players' contracts coming up for renegotiation all together, at the end of the present season.

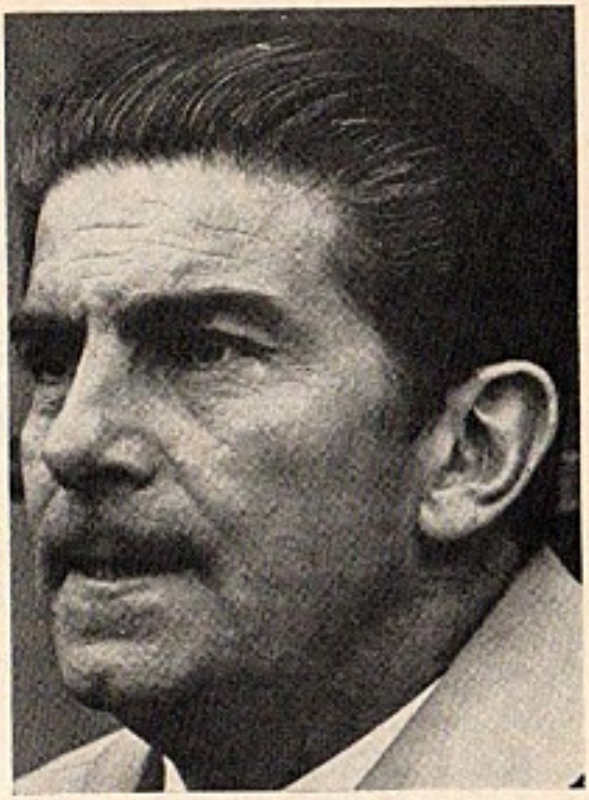
It's ironic that just about the most effective striker and all-round forward in France at the moment, Salif Keita of St. Etienne, should be ineligible not only for France, but for any other major footballing country. The tall, lean Keita, who has been in French football since early 1968, comes from Bamako, and has played international football for Mali—where, he says, he was marked still more ruggedly than in France. Recently he was voted African Footballer of the Year by a huge margin, and he increased his reputation by his all-round performance at home to Cagliari, in the European Cup.

The hunt is off, at the moment, for Georges Boulogne, the dedicated French national team manager, who in the past has been accused of making Frenchmen play like Englishmen. Never again, Boulogne affirmed proudly, in Argentina, will French teams play as they did before, with the fear of losing, and of playing badly. "I say that we can now hold our own anywhere." As for Lech, Boulogne now says he has added physical commitment to his undeniable technical gifts.

ALGERIAN TRAGEDIES

ALGERIAN football has been cruelly hit over the past few weeks by a series of tragic accidents. First the national coach, former French international Ben Tifour, was killed when his Mercedes swerved off the road and plunged into a ravine. Then the Algerian international centre-half Moha Hamid, died suddenly from a heart attack at only 24 years of age—the sole breadwinner for his mother and four brothers and sisters. Next came two air crashes, the first involving the entire local team of Air Liquide, among the 31 passengers killed; the second, a mid-air explosion on a Comet of the United Arab Air Lines, claiming among its victims the Algerian FA President, Dr. Maoche.

Grand-slam for Britain in Europe?



Bruges team-manager, Thans de Munck.

ENGLISH clubs stand on the threshold of an unprecedented clean sweep in the three major European competitions. In the Champions Cup Everton are favoured to eliminate the Greek side Panathinaikos and reach the semi-finals, whilst in the Cup Winners Cup the holders, Manchester City, plus the FA Cup winners Chelsea, carry the flag and should account for Górnik Zabrze and Bruges respectively to enter the penultimate stage. In these tournaments the home and away ties are scheduled for March 10 and 24. In the Fairs Cup the English trio of Leeds, Liverpool and the trophy-holders Arsenal could produce the winner for this country, for the fourth year in succession. In two of these contests there is even the possibility of an all-English final!

The previous best performance and nearest to such a "treble" was achieved by Spain who in 1962 had four teams in the three finals. While Real Madrid lost the Champions Cup decider to Benfica by 3-5 in Amsterdam, Atletico Madrid clinched the Cup Winners trophy by defeating Fiorentina (Italy), after a 1-1 draw, by 3-0 in a play-off. The Fairs Cup that season was a strictly Spanish affair—Valencia getting the better of Barcelona on the incredible aggregate of 7-3.

The chances of an English hat-trick will depend largely on Everton, who are the sole representatives in the premier tournament. Harry Catterick's men are making only their second appearance here, but have already atoned for that first-round dismissal in 1963 (by Inter Milan). The Merseysiders should eliminate Panathinaikos though these Greeks have more European experience, this being their seventh attempt. Now managed by the famous Hungarian forward Ferenc Puskas, they did well to dismiss Jeunesse (Luxembourg) on a 7-1 aggregate, but even better to k.o. Slovan Bratislava, the 1969 Cup Winners Cup holders, by 4-2 overall. Panathinaikos have some useful players like goalkeeper Panajotis Ikonomopoulos (27 years old—18 caps), defenders Aristidis Kamaras (31/27) and Ioannis Tomaras (23/1), two fine midfield organisers Konstantinos Eleftherakis (20/8) and especially the star of the side Dimitrios Domasos (28/30) and not forgetting the discovery of the season, striker Antoniadis who is currently leading the Champions Cup goal-scorers with seven goals from four games.

In the remaining ties the ageing Atletico Madrid have the experience but will above all profit from the long winter break in Poland which should considerably help them to remove Legia Warsaw. Atletico, for so long in the shadows of their illustrious neighbours, Real, are only making their third bid here (semi-finalists 1959)—but have participated in three Cup Winners campaigns (winners 1962 and finalists 1963).

The Spaniards did well to account for FK Austria (4-1) and especially the Italian champions Cagliari (4-2). But French-born manager Marcel Domingo must be worried over several ageing stars notably in his forward line like Luis and Adelardo.

The battle of the "Iron Curtain" between Red Star of Belgrade (eighth appearance!) and Carl Zeiss Jena (second time here) could go either way and both teams are capable—on their day—of upsetting anybody. But this applies even more to the most intriguing clash of the round: Celtic v. Ajax. The Scots won in 1967 and were finalists last season, though recently they have not been quite so consistent having a rare struggle for supremacy at home with Aberdeen. Yet Ajax, too, no longer monopolise the domestic scene in Holland and though they reached the 1969 final, have since been overshadowed by their traditional foes, Feyenoord, who won the trophy last year—by beating Celtic! Still, the survivor of this Dutch-Scots confrontation could be Everton's toughest rival for the crown.

by Arthur Rotmil

In the Cup Winners Cup, Manchester City and Chelsea—if they surmount the quarter-finals against Górnik and FC Bruggo respectively—will be concerned with not having to meet before the final. It is difficult to see either Real Madrid, who boast the finest record of any club in Europe, but today are just an ordinary side and may be hard put to dispose of Cardiff—or the winners of PSV Eindhoven v. Vorwaerts Berlin, in the role of favourites for this contest.

True, the East German Army team did well to dismiss Bologna and Benfica but the first tie was decided by the "away-goals-double" rule, while the second on the new penalty system. PSV Eindhoven with a number of good class players (Van Beveren, Veenstra, Van der Kuylen, Devrindt) could be the dark horses here, provided they get the breaks.

Recalled

The Fairs Cup could stay in this country, especially if the three English teams overcome the next hurdle. In any other competition the opponents to fear would be the German sides Bayern Munich (who meet Liverpool) and Cologne (paired with Arsenal). It will be recalled, however, that the Germans have not shown a lot of interest in this tourney. Hamburg SV, for instance, withdrew two years ago after reaching the quarter-finals because they were too involved in domestic affairs. Bayern Munich nearly pulled out this season after a rough passage at Glasgow and should they have a similar experience with Liverpool, may well resign since they are strongly in the running for the League title.

Similar considerations could also affect Juventus (the 1965 finalists) should they eliminate the surprise packet of the current series, Twente Enschede from Holland. Vitoria Setubal are a more than useful Portuguese outfit but although they put out Liverpool last term, may not have the stamina to upset Leeds. Three English teams then in the semi-finals? Not impossible, in which case the ultimate winners would almost certainly be either Leeds, Arsenal or Liverpool.

EURO-SPECIAL

EVERTON CAN WIN CHAMPIONS CUP

EVERTON should progress to the semi-finals of the European Cup at the expense of the uncompromising Greek champions, Panathinaikos, but their task will not be an easy one. Everton have experienced a number of problems this season—both at the back of their defence and in attack—but at least their midfield trio remains one of football's delights.

In Alan Ball, Colin Harvey and Howard Kendall they possess three adroit, intelligent players who work in perfect unison. I am a great admirer of Harvey and wish he had been capped for England even before an eye injury shattered his Mexico aspirations. Now, thankfully, he has regained complete fitness and is still young enough to look forward to a long international career ... provided he is given a belated opportunity.

The injury Brian Labone received playing against Tottenham late in January will keep him out of the matches with Panathinaikos. Labone, who had an extended spell in the reserves this year after returning from Mexico, earned a recall to the England squad shortly before sustaining an injury that manager Harry Catterick described as the worst of its kind he had seen. Labone sustained a badly torn calf muscle.

Artistry

Everton, on their day, are one of the most attractive teams in the country. A genuine desire to play football runs throughout the side and the artistry that stems from their midfield trio provides the team with a high degree of class.

They have their problems, of course. Even with the underrated John Hurst playing in a withdrawn position their defence appears vulnerable; whether Panathinaikos can exploit any weaknesses remains to be seen but Everton are not at their best when committed to defence.

I sometimes wonder whether Joe Royle, a much improved player this season, receives sufficient support in his role as striker although both Jimmy Husband and Alan Whittle are opportunist goalscorers. Husband, particularly, has the happy knack of popping up in the right place when a goal is most needed.

Harry Catterick, who retains an admirable belief in enterprising football, is of the opinion that many of Everton's troubles this season can be related to the Mexico World Cup tournament; four of his players were included in the England party and understandably suffered some reaction.

Even the ebullient Alan Ball lacked some of his usual fire in the first half of the current campaign but it could be that the team is coming back to form at the right time to mount a successful assault on the European Cup.

Eliminate

Although Everton only got through against Borussia Monchengladbach on penalties at Goodison Park it will be a major upset if Panathinaikos eliminate the English club.

Nevertheless, the Greeks are experienced in European fare and, managed by Ferenc Puskas, did well to knock out Slovan Bratislava and will be particularly strong on their own ground.

Everton will possibly never have a better chance of winning the European Cup than this year. The final will be staged at Wembley on June 2, and there are no truly outstanding teams in the competition. Yet it can be said that Everton have by no means reached their peak; players like Royle and Harvey (both of whom won their first full England caps against Malta) are still improving. Royle has done much this season to enhance his skill on the ground and this ability, allied to superb control in the air, promises to make him a centre-forward of world class.

And, of course, they have Alan Ball; an inspirational character, a gifted player whose work-rate never ceases to amaze. Although most of Ball's work is in midfield, he likes to poach goals and is a player Panathinaikos will find difficult to contain.

Everton skipper Alan Ball.

Everton: Rankin; Wright, Kenyon, Hurst, Henry Newton; Kendall, Ball, Harvey; Husband, Royle, Morrissey. Subs: West, Keith Newton, Brown, Whittle, Johnson.

Panathinaikos: Economopoulos; Tomaras, Komaras, Sourpis, Blanchos; Elefterakis, Filakouris; Grammos, Antoniadis, Domanos, Kalligeris. Subs: Mitropoulos, Delyannis, Konstantinou, Dimitriou, Cokidis.

Karl-Zeiss Jena: Blochwitz; Krauss, Kurbjuweit, Rock, Strempel; Irmscher, Werner, Schlutter; Roland Ducke, Peter Ducke, Vogel. Subs: Scheiter, Stein.

Red Star Belgrade: Dujkovic; Djoric, Krivokuca, Antonjevic, Dojcinovski; Bojicevic, Novkivic; Filipovic, Ostojic, Acimovic, Dzajic. Subs: Racic, Karasi, Klenkovski, Ianicovic, Arnejic.

Dzajic and Vogel hold the key....

IF I had a completely unlimited choice of watching any quarter-final in the three European Cups, this is the tie I should want to see. For it brings together two of the most prolific attacks in Europe, and, above all, two of the most exciting wingers—Eberhard Vogel of Karl-Zeiss Jena and Dragan Dzajic of Red Star Belgrade.

In spite of England's fine victory over East Germany at Wembley, it was Vogel's goal, struck wickedly on the half-volley, dipping at the last moment under the bar, that did most to stimulate the crowd; the applause showed that they recognised something extraordinary.

Vogel, after all, is an extraordinary player: deceptively fast, with a lazy stride, yet possessing an alert footballing brain in which possibilities present themselves in quick succession like some elaborate telephoto lens.

Incredible

Three days after Wembley, Vogel proved his goal was no fluke, by promptly repeating it, carbon fashion, in a league match away to Vorwaerts in East Berlin. The game, a 4-4 draw, was sensational and yet incredible, for it provided the best in attacking play and the worst in tactics. Karl-Zeiss were two up in eight minutes, Peter Ducke making one goal and scoring another; back to 2-2 in 18 minutes; ahead 3-2 and 4-3, with Vogel each time the scorer; and finally pulled back to 4-4 and lucky that the referee's full-time whistle blew as a fifth Vorwaerts' shot was crossing the line.

In the league this season Karl-Zeiss have scored 38 goals and conceded 22—statistics that reveal not a weakness in defence but rather an extreme recklessness. Blochwitz is the sort of goalkeeper likely to be found 20 yards off his line; Rock and Kurbjuweit believe they are wingers first and full-backs a long way second; Irmscher, a reluctant free-back in many games, delights in sleight of foot in his own penalty area, even when inches and seconds are critical.

Jena's attack, though, is breathtaking at its best. To complement Vogel, we have the tireless sturdy Stein as a front runner; Schlutter, a tiny greyhound, capable of stunning acceleration; and the Ducke brothers, Peter and Roland, supreme artists with the ball. Peter Ducke has made a fine recovery from a broken leg that threatened to put him out of the game, and at 29, has a wealth of experience to draw on. His midfield understanding with the wily Strempel holds the key to Jena's adventurous style.

One man who surely appreciates this is Red Star's manager, Milan Miljanic, who has travelled many thousands of miles to see his opponents in action. Yet Miljanic has many problems to solve at home, for Red Star have had a perturbing, erratic season. They began disastrously, with one win in six games; pulled up to fourth; then slumped just as mysteriously back to seventh after three defeats in a row.

Red Star's biggest complex concerns the cult of the personality. For their captain, Dzajic, is as Stanley Matthews once was to Blackpool: the passes fly to him like iron filings to a magnet. Opponents have found a way to curb his exhilarating footwork—by cutting off the source of supply.

Miljanic's solution has been to make several bold experiments with his side, to make their play less predictable. So Acimovic, clever and elusive, now has a more demanding role in midfield; while up front we find Novkivic and Filipovic, the discovery of the season, joining Ostojic (back from France).

Maturity

At 19, Filipovic shows a maturity beyond his years—in spite of remaining only a part-time professional with examinations to think about. In only three European Cup-ties, he has already scored five goals, and takes a lot of the weight off his captain.

Yet in 17 league matches Red Star's attack have scored only 25 goals and conceded 20—despite an experienced defence. For when Dzajic celebrated his 400th appearance against Vojvodina, Dujkovic was playing his 300th game in goal, Djoric his 200th at right-back.

So who will win? The answer, I feel, lies in the previous rounds. For while Karl-Zeiss Jena eliminated two indifferent sides, Fenerbahce and Sporting, they had the devil's own luck in Lisbon, where the Portuguese champions hit the post four times. In contrast Red Star Belgrade pulled back a two-goal deficit against Ujpest of Hungary, and put out UT Arad, conquerors of Feyenoord, on a 6-1 aggregate. I fancy the Yugoslavs to reach the semi-finals by the narrowest of margins.

'Two of Europe's most exciting wingers'

Dragan Dzajic of Red Star will prove a thorn in the flesh of Karl-Zeiss Jena.

Johan Cruyff, the outstanding forward of Ajax Amsterdam, is pictured (extreme left) playing for his club against AZ '67.

Meeting of two attacking sides

EURO-SPECIAL

Ajax Amsterdam: Stuy; Suurbier, Vasovic, Hulshoff, Krol; Rijnders, Neeskens; Swart, Cruyff, Van Dijk, Keizer. Subs: Braam, Blankenburg, Calderon, Muhren, Suurendonk.

Celtic: Fallon; Craig, McNeill, Brogan, Gemmell; Murdoch, Callaghan, Auld; Johnstone, Wallace, Hood. Subs: Williams, Hay, Connelly, Lennox, Hughes.

AS the two most recently disappointed teams in finals of the European Cup, Ajax and Celtic must face the inevitability that one of them is in for further sorrow, even before the last stage of this season's competition.

Apart from their mutual defeats in the last two Champions Cup finals they share a belief that attacking football is the way to win matches—and friends.

Whereas Ajax may not have Celtic's strength in depth of actual numbers, they do have a pretty useful side which boasts the Continent's most prized possession at present in Johan Cruyff. Both club and player are anxious that this should be a memorable season as it could well be Cruyff's last with the Dutch side.

Contribution

Actually Cruyff's contribution to the progress of Ajax in the European Cup has been almost infinitesimal—well, at least he hasn't scored! And in 1969 when Ajax got to the final he had a goal in every round.

In fact their nine goals have been shared by seven players. Cruyff was troubled early in the season with a groin injury but came back with a bang to become joint top scorer in the League with 12 goals—six of them coming in one match. Ajax's other ace striker Dik Van Dijk has also been in trouble, but trying to recapture his old form.

Yet in midfield the new partnership of Nico Rijnders and Johan Neeskens has been a big success. Nineteen-year-old Neeskens has come on so well that he has already played for Holland at full level.

Goalkeeper Heinz Stuy has had to wait quite a time for the chance of a regular berth but now has it and the back four of Wim Suurbier, Velibor Vasovic, Barry Hulshoff and Rund Krol has youth, experience and expertise. Suurbier (two) and Hulshoff have also contributed goals in the cup run.

Wingers Sjaak Swart and Piet Keizer seem so much a part of the Ajax scene that it is difficult to understand they might be split but the recent signing of the German Horst Blankenburg from 1860 Munich could eventually do just that.

The prolific scoring Celtic side have rattled up 24 goals against modest opposition and like Ajax have spread them about among their many forwards. No fewer than 11 players have got their names on the scoring sheets.

Wee Willie Wallace is the top marksman with five goals including a hat-trick and probably with Harry Hood is the most consistent of the scorers. Jimmy Johnstone, who can either make or break the side depending whether he can lose his full-back just cannot be ignored on the right flank, but Celtic's biggest problems of late have been in defence.

John Fallon and Evan Williams have been disputing the goalkeeping position between them while at full-back David Hay, Jim Craig and Tommy Gemmell seem the most likely trio for the two berths.

Come-back

Bobby Murdoch and Bertie Auld are the club's two most experienced performers in midfield and the latter is staging something of a come-back this year. At centre-half if Billy McNeil is unfit he has a fine deputy in the play-anywhere George Connelly.

Possibly Ajax are in better form at present than Celtic who have been making heavy weather of catching Aberdeen in the Scottish League and this could be the decisive factor.

JACK ROLLIN

ATLETICO AND LEGIA—CONTRAST IN STYLES

by ROGER MACDONALD

THE clash of Atletico Madrid and Legia Warsaw represents an interesting contrast in styles. While the Spanish team has a tough, uncompromising defence it also has a shrewd and gifted midfield artist and three strikers who can be devastating on their day. Legia's mainspring comes from their control of the pace of the game from the middle of the field and a swift and penetrating attack on the flanks.

Atletico have conceded only 13 goals in 20 Spanish First Division games and at full strength are more than capable of retaining their championship tag on the domestic scene.

Both goalkeepers Rodri and Zubiarrain are reliable and the strategist at the back is left-back and skipper Calleja (33), an experienced Spanish international. Right-back Melo was an ever-present for the club last season and in the middle Atletico can permutate from Jayo, Iglesias and the Argentinian Santos Ovejero. The latter did not get a regular spot in the side until the last seven games during which the team clinched the title.

Dynamic

Adelardo, despite being 31, had a recall to the national side recently and is masterminding the team's effort from the middle of the field. Up front the trio of Jose Luis, Garate and Ufarte is on its day the most dynamic threesome on the Iberian peninsula.

In fact, Luis and Garate have scored all Atletico's eight European Cup goals between them this season. At present Luis (who had six of them) is out of action but it has given extended opportunities to Ignacio Salcedo, the former Plus Ultra player. Garate is top scorer with nine goals in the League, while Irureta, who has also been absent in several matches and commutes between midfield and attack, has eight.

Legia's control comes from Kazimierz Deyna (23) and Bernard Blaut (30). They provide the ammunition for the fast striking wingers Janusz Zmijewski (27) and Robert Gadocha (24), while the attacking spearhead is well led by Jan Pieszko (28).

Five players have shared Legia's eight goals in the European Cup and even right-back Wladyslaw Stachurski (25) has scored a couple. The other members of the Polish team's back four are Andrezej Zygmunt (25), Feliksi Niedziolka (25) and Antoni Trzaskowski (29).

Goalkeeper Wladyslaw Grotynski (25) is an all-round sportsman and a formidable figure between the posts for the club.

One figure absent from the line-up this season is Lucian Brychczy, who won 50 caps for Poland but now in his middle thirties has decided to call it a day after an illustrious career in the game for the club who are managed by a former playing colleague of Brychczy's called Edmund Zientara. He has taken the club back to the head of the Polish First Division but they will need all their resources to overcome an Atletico Madrid side who appear to be running into the type of form which won them the title last season.

Atletico Madrid: Rodri; Melo, Jayo, Iglesias, Calleja; Adelardo, Irureta, Ufarte; Jose Luis, Garate, Onnico. Subs: Zubiarrain, Ovejero, Capon, Salcedo, Alberto.

Legia Warsaw: Grotynski; Stachurski, Niedziolka, Zygmunt, Trzakowski; Bernard Blaut, Deyna, Cmikiewicz, Zmijewski, Pieszko, Gadocha. Subs: Foltyn, Sassek, Zygfryd Blaut, Malkiewicz, Nejman.

French-born Marcel Domingo, manager of Atletico Madrid.

REVENGE MATCH PAR EXCELLENCE

A REVENGE match par excellence; for at the end of last season Manchester City beat Gornik Zabrze 2-1 in Vienna, in the final of this very same competition. For two such fluent sides, it was a tense, irritating contest, with Gornik showing their true skills too late to dash the Cup from City's lips. Uniquely, perhaps, a two-legged affair promises much greater entertainment.

Manchester City's Colin Bell, a player of outstanding ability.

Gornik and City are two of a kind: inexplicably inconsistent in the league, yet capable of raising their game when the occasion demands it. Two examples will suffice. City knocked the holders, Chelsea, out of the FA Cup by three clear goals at Stamford Bridge when at best they seemed likely to draw. Chelsea were like a nervous young golfer, hopeless at short putts on the greens; while Colin Bell scored twice in breakaways with shots like the swish of an executioner's axe.

Gornik had to play Legia, the Polish league leaders, while deprived of the services of one of their best defenders, Henryk Latocha, hurt in a European tie against Goztepe Izmir; they, too, seemed likely to settle for a draw. Although Wlodzimierz Lubanski put them ahead after six minutes, Legia quickly equalised; and the score stayed at 1-1 until late in the second half, when Gornik suddenly found an extra gear and scored twice in two minutes—the second a penalty after Lubanski had been flattened a few yards out.

Manchester City: Corrigan; Book, Jeffries, Booth, Mann; Doyle, Oakes, Young; Summerbee, Bell, Lee. Subs: Mulhearn, Connor, Heslop, Bowyer, Hill.

Gornik Zabrze: Kostka; Florenski, Olek, Oslizlo, Gorgon; Deja, Wilczek, Szoltysik; Szarynski, Lubanski, Banas. Subs: Gomola, Kuchta, Skowronek, Wilim, Musialek.

Internal

Both clubs, by some curious parallel, have been unsettled by rumblings at the top. City, beset by internal power politics, have perhaps been fortunate to keep their dual managership, Joe Mercer and Malcolm Allison. Gornik, though, have had three managers in the past year—Geza Kalocsai, who returned home to Hungary; Michel Matyas, the former Polish international; and now another famous Hungarian, Ferenc Szusza, who played for Ujpest when they won that forerunner of the European Cup, the Mitropa, a few months before the outbreak of war.

Neither Gornik nor City can rely completely on their defence, and both to my mind have a suspect goalkeeper. Joe Corrigan's errors led directly to City's 2-0 home defeat by the English league leaders, Leeds United; and Gornik's Hubert Kostka has been so inconsistent that he may be replaced by Jan Gomola, his scarcely inspiring deputy. Both, too, have a veteran in defence—Tony Book at full-back for City, Stanislaw Oslizlo at centre-half for the Poles.

If recent tactics are any indication, the teams will mass in midfield, trying to soak up the opposition like blotting paper, by sheer weight of numbers. Here both have an underrated player with a vital role—City's Alan Oakes and Gornik's Aloyzy Deja—each acting as the methodical scene-shifter, preparing the way for the stars.

And what of the stars? Bell and Francis Lee on the one side, Lubanski on the other. Certainly there are few better players in Europe than Bell and Lee on their day; but there is none better than Lubanski—whose range of skills produce goals out of nothing with startling consistency.

Progress

One has only to look at Gornik's progress to the quarter-finals to see Lubanski's value to the side. Against Aalborg of Denmark he scored the only goal of the first leg and two in the second; repeating the pattern against Goztepe. Equally, City's goals have come exclusively from Lee and Bell against Honved and Linfield; but remember they survived against the Irish League club only on that perverse rule that away goals count double.

In the last analysis, I expect City to win—perhaps even by three clear goals; for two reasons. Even a South American tour is no substitute for regular competitive football in familiar conditions, and Gornik are often the victims of Poland's hostile winter, that compels a three-month break. And Lubanski, somehow, seems dogged by ill-luck in the European Cups. I shall always remember, in the year City's neighbours United won the premier trophy, how Lubanski had them at his mercy in the quarter-final match at Old Trafford. But he mishit his shot, and United squeezed through by the narrowest possible margin. In football, history has a habit of repeating itself.

★ **ROGER MACDONALD**

Two Swedes in Belgian football, Kurt Axelsson (left) of Bruges and Tommy Nordahl (Anderlecht).

Chelsea: Bonetti; Webb, Dempsey, Harris, McCreadie; Hollins, Hudson; Weller, Osgood, Hutchinson, Houseman. Subs: Phillips, Boyle, Hinton, Cooke, Baldwin.

FC Bruges: Sanders; Bastyns, Axelsson, Van Den Daele, Moulaert; Houwaart, Carteus; Thio, Maertenhout, Lambert, Rensenbrink. Subs: Hinderyckx, Vanderlinden, Denaegher, Deconinck, Loske.

Marvin Hinton of Chelsea, cool and elegant.

EURO-SPECIAL

Chelsea's driving force is Hollins

CHELSEA, although confident of reaching the semi-finals of the Cup Winners Cup, cannot be relishing their trip to Bruges for the first leg of their quarter-final tie.

The Belgian club are redoubtable opponents on their own ground—having lost just one league match there last season and none this. In this season's Cup Winners Cup competition they have already disposed of Kickers Offenbach and Zurich—without conceding a goal at home—and Bruges have never lost a European tie ... except under the "away goals" rule.

Bruges possess a resolute defence, marshalled by Swedish World Cup player Kurt Axelsson and the adventurous Edwin Vandendaele. Their major striking power is carried by Raoul Lambert, a prolific goal-scorer, but he is well supported by Rensenbrink and Johnny Thio.

Chelsea will point out that while Bruges are a recognised force on their own ground their away performances leave much to be desired.

Chelsea, although riding high in the English First Division, have lost some of their early-season sparkle in recent weeks. Manager Dave Sexton has shuffled his side and can at least call upon one of the strongest squads in the country. But a succession of injuries—and the eight-week suspension imposed upon Peter Osgood—has reduced his range of selection.

Prolonged

Alan Hudson, Eddie McCreadie and John Dempsey, all of whom experienced prolonged stays out of the first team, have re-established themselves through a variety of circumstances.

McCreadie bravely fought his way back after injury and has done much to stabilise a vulnerable defence. Even Peter Bonetti, still a superb goalkeeper, has suffered a number of off days this season and in the heart of the defence Dempsey and Marvin Hinton have contested the number five shirt.

Dave Webb remains a strong, willing worker at the back and is a more than useful man to push forward when goals are most needed. Up front Osgood and Ian Hutchinson were a difficult-to-contain duo before injuries upset their partnership. Tommy Baldwin was an able reserve, but he too became sidelined through injury.

Chelsea make good use of Keith Weller's striker power on the right flank, and the more subtle, delicate skills of Peter Houseman on the opposite wing, but the real driving power of the team is in midfield.

John Hollins, always eager to illustrate his shooting power with either foot, is a splendid dynamo; enthusiastic, tenacious and wonderfully adroit in creating and taking chances.

The enigmatic Charlie Cooke—brilliant one minute, so disappointing the next—and Alan Hudson can both produce patches of brilliance, although Hudson is only just beginning to completely get over a nagging injury.

Chelsea should get through, on the strength of their all-round skill, but only a fool would underestimate the challenge presented by Bruges.

Devrindt of PSV (centre) pictured during a Dutch League game.

PSV Eindhoven: Van Beveren; Van Den Dungen, Van Stippent, Radovic, Vos; Strik, Veenema; Schmidt-Hansen, Devrindt, Van Der Kuylen, Mulders. Subs: Van Tilburg, Kemper, Jansen, Hiddink.

Vorwaerts: Zelkowski; Frassdorf, Müller, Wihulz, Hamann; Korner, Wruck, Strubing; Noldner, Begerad, Pupenburg. Subs: Meier, Pfefferkorn, Andressen, Ukrow, Dietzsch.

Vorwaerts hit by winter break

THIS is a clash on which even the most compulsive gambler would fight shy—even betting with match-sticks for it's full of ifs and doubts — with evenly matched sides. On paper but not out on the pitch both clubs have very useful sides and if neither club is really doing too much in their domestic championship this might well be because they are after bigger fish. At the same time, however, while acknowledging this possibility it has to be conceded that both teams are somewhat fortunate to have reached the quarter-finals.

After signing a string of reinforcements during the summer it appeared that PSV really were going to throw down a serious challenge in the Dutch championship. Last season they did very well with a somewhat limited squad that included two very useful players, right-winger Bengt Schmidt-Hansen (from Denmark) who is very skilful, still only 24 and operates generally on the right wing, and an English style centre-forward Willy van der Kuylen who is two years younger. One of six Dutch caps retained, van der Kuylen was joined by the Belgian World Cup star Johan Devrindt, at odds with Anderlecht but nevertheless another extremely good striker; another Danish international, Henning Munk Jensen (from BK Aalborg), and perhaps best known of all, Jan van Beveren, who cost a fortune from Sparta Rotterdam—the young Dutch 'keeper who performed so capably at Wembley last year when Holland drew 0-0 with England.

In theory PSV are formidable, good enough to extend the best and, on their day, capable of taking anyone. Unhappily, thus far, they haven't quite hit the day, though they are amongst the top five at home and still in with an outside chance of the title if they suddenly hit a good run.

Overcome

Vorwaerts, on the other hand, are solidly based, field pretty well the same players who have been together successfully for several seasons and at their best they, too, could be difficult to overcome. Best known of their players is the long-serving inside-left Jurgen Noldner, a former goalscoring inside-left, turned schemer, who now plays half and half; in his 16th year with the club he's still only 30 with 30 full caps behind him and still very, very useful. Running him close are wing-half Gerhard Korner, 29 years and 33 caps, and defender Otto Frassdorf, who is happiest at right-back and is 29 years old and a veteran of 31 internationals.

But in their domestic game Vorwaerts have had an indifferent season occupying eighth place in the 14-club top flight and an ominous goals tally of 24 to 24 (from 13 games). Four other full caps are included in their squad but their problem is a certain lack of stability at the back.

To reach the last eight, PSV made heavy weather of the quite ordinary Czech side TJ Gottwaldov, losing 1-2 away and winning with a late goal 1-0 at home. The decider was Devrindt's 86th-minute goal in Czechoslovakia and they qualified on the away goal. Then, hitting something like their best, the Dutch side assassinated Steaua from Rumania, 4-0 at home and 3-0 away ... Devrindt coming on as a substitute and hitting a second-half hat-trick in the home game (4-0).

Vorwaerts were even more fortunate, drawing 1-1 and 0-0 against Bologna, and going through on their goal scored away from home before meeting Benfica. The Portuguese club at the time were going through an indifferent period but again Vorwaerts did it the hard way—2-0 at home and 0-2 away to win after extra time.

If one has to make a forecast, it looks like PSV if only because they play through the winter and will be fully match fit while the East Germans knock off until early March, the plague of all East Europeans at the quarter-finals stage. But, should they suddenly hit a good run of league results they could decide to "pull out", while on the other hand Vorwaerts certainly have what it takes if they can get together and click. Adding it all up ... it's wide open.

Cardiff City: Eadie; Carver, Murray, Harris, Bell; Sutton, Gibson, Woodruff; King, Clark, Phillips. Subs: Frank Parsons, Derrett, John Parsons, Warboys, Rees.

Real Madrid: Borja; Jose Luis, Benito, Zoco, Sanchis, Pirri, Grande; Amancio, Fleitas, Velazquez, Miguel Perez. Subs: Betancort, Da La Fuente, Marzano, Pinellos, Bueno.

EURO-SPECIAL

GLAMOUR TIE FOR CARDIFF

by PETER JACKSON

REAL MADRID are back this month for their first British appearance for almost three years. And the Welsh are out to make the occasion one of the greatest in the principality's soccer history.

A capacity crowd of 55,000 will see the all-ticket first leg of the European Cup Winners Cup quarter final tie at Ninian Park on Wednesday, March 10. And Real's visit is certain to cause even more interest than that created by the visit of Moscow Dynamo 26 years ago.

"Real Madrid are the greatest name on the Continent," said Cardiff manager Jimmy Scoular. "I expressed my wish to be drawn against them on the very night we flew back from France after the second leg of our second round game against Nantes."

Cardiff, whose monopoly of the Welsh Cup has guaranteed them a place in Europe for each of the last four seasons, have not surprisingly made more Cup Winners Cup appearances than any other club. In contrast their Spanish opponents, six times winners of the Champions Cup, are making their first appearance in the secondary competition.

Cardiff, unlike Real, have got to the last eight without losing. Their first victims were the outclassed Cypriot amateurs of PO Larnaca and then Cardiff eliminated the progressive French club FC Nantes.

Real, home and dry against Hibernian of Malta in the first round, suffered the embarrassment of a home defeat against the little known Austrians Wacker Innsbruck before winning away.

Eligible

Alan Warboys, Cardiff's newest import, will not be eligible to fill his considerable weight at Real. Scoular signed him from Sheffield Wednesday on Christmas Eve for a record fee of £45,000. But unfortunately for Cardiff his signing went through a week too late to comply with UEFA regulations and make Warboys eligible.

The big centre-forward says, with commendable optimism: "I'm going to have to wait until the semi-finals before I can play in Europe." The Real tie comes at a time when Cardiff are challenging for a return to the first division. And Scoular makes it clear that the priority is promotion. "Europe," he says, "is the icing on the cake."

Both managers have studied the opposition. Scoular flew to Spain last month to watch Real in action at Barcelona and Miguel Munoz paid his respects at Ninian Park at the end of the same week.

Crossed swords

Cardiff have taken some pretty famous scalps in the seven years during which they have travelled the length and breadth of Europe. Sporting Lisbon were Cup Winners Cup holders when they crossed swords with the second division club in December 1964.

Cardiff, then in their pioneering season in Europe, won 2-0 in Portugal and held on for a 0-0 draw in the return.

Three years ago Cardiff shocked Europe again by disposing of Moscow Torpedo and then very nearly sent Hamburg SV the same way to come within an ace of the final.

Cardiff, therefore, have scant respect for the big names of Europe. For the second time in three years they are on the brink of a place in the semi-finals against a Real side aiming to become only the second club to win both the Champions Cup and Cup Winners Cup. AC Milan were the first.

Brian Clark of Cardiff City.

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'LEEDS—BES IN THE WOR

MANCHESTER CITY'S captain, Tony Book, marvelling at the way his side had been humbled at Maine Road only a week after putting paid to Chelsea in the FA Cup, described Leeds as "the best club side in the world, unbeatable at their best". Even allowing for his need to justify City's own failure, it is hard to disagree with him.

Leeds strength does not lie in midfield, or anywhere in particular; there is scarcely a weak link in the side. Billy Bremner, full of darting energy, grows in stature every season; and now Johnny Giles is bringing his full talents to fruit. No other player in the league, I think it is fair to say, can change the course and pace of a match with such self-assurance.

Few defences, and certainly not Vitoria's, can resist the combination of Mick Jones and Allan Clarke; the battering ram followed by the rapier. Peter Lorimer, too, is becoming more than an unwieldy siege-gun, finding mobility and self-expression.

Some would say that Leeds have perceptibly changed their style, that they are risking more on all-out attack. More accurately, perhaps, they realise that their defence has a growing vulnerability. Jack Charlton is often in trouble against a quick, clever striker on the ground; while Gary Sprake, for all his acrobatics, makes appalling errors—such as against Crystal Palace in the league, Rotherham in the Cup.

Leeds United's Mick Jones who, with Allan Clarke, forms one of the most dangerous spearheads in the First Division.

Therein probably lies Vitoria's only salvation. If they can set their dangerous centre-forward, Vitor Baptista, against Charlton in a man-to-man situation, and test Sprake with a steady flow of crosses, they might restore what appears a hopeless unbalance.

For even though Vitoria are within striking distance of the Portuguese leaders, Sporting Lisbon, and have beaten Benfica convincingly this season, the standard of play in Portugal is so lamentable that even Newport County would escape relegation. Both Sporting and Benfica lost in the major European competitions to clubs they would have beaten easily a few years ago.

Still it would not pay Leeds to underestimate their opponents. Vitoria have already beaten Hajduk Split, who are playing extremely well in Yugoslavia; and they recovered from 3-1 down to beat Anderlecht in the last round with a goal in the last minute of extra time. Leeds, for all their brilliance against Sparta Prague, came close to being beaten by Dynamo Dresden.

Ponderous

As long as the Fairs Cup remains at the bottom of Leeds' list of priorities, for Arsenal it must stay at the top. The league championship seems to be slipping away, perhaps to be even beyond their capabilities; as their ponderous progress in the Fairs Cup suggests. Cologne are no better than some of the teams Arsenal have met already: and they will be beaten no more easily.

Cologne, managed by Ernst Ocwirk, once a great international in a great Austrian side (and called "clockwork" by the English because of his perpetual motion), have had an indifferent season. One of the reasons for this indifference was the loss of Wolfgang Overath, who twisted a shoulder blade and missed six matches. Without him too much has depended on Johannes Lohr, another of Germany's World Cup team, with a role for Cologne akin to that of Martin Peters for Spurs.

And with Lohr also injured of late, Cologne's latest discovery, Heinz Flohe—who came on as a substitute for West Germany against Greece in Athens—has found the task of alternating between midfield and attack largely too much for him.

All this adds up to a Cologne side firing on rather less than four cylinders, and packing altogether too few big guns to extend the Arsenal defence. With Simpson, McNab and McLintock virtually impregnable, and Bob Wilson proving that intellect can prevent goals even better than agility, I cannot see Arsenal giving much away.

In attack, however, it is a different matter. Alhough George Armstrong is playing better this season than ever before, he can only provide the ammunition, not fire the shots. Kennedy, George and Radford are brave, determined strikers, but lack perhaps the finesse to break down the best defences. When defenders mass around their own penalty area, scoring a goal is on a par with threading a needle—with nimble feet rather than nimble fingers.

Courage

This is why Arsenal may resort once again to the hopeful cross into the crowded goalmouth, playing on opponents' errors rather than their own imagination. I expect them to win—the hard way.

The higher they ride, the harder they fall—and the better the team, the more spectacular their decline. It happened to Bill Nicholson with Tottenham Hotspur; it happened to Sir Matt Busby with Manchester United. But Bill Shankly had the courage and foresight to tear down his Liverpool side, rather than paper over the cracks, and already there are signs of greatness anew.

Into the first team have come Larry Lloyd,

Emlyn Hughes, Liverpool's Mr. Consistent.

T CLUB SIDE LD' SAYS BOOK

ROGER MACDONALD previews the **FAIRS CUP quarter finals**

John McLaughlin, Brian Hall and above all Steve Heighway, who in less than a season already promises to be one of the stars of the future. Heighway is that rare combination, an academic turned footballer, for he postponed a career in teaching to become a professional with Liverpool—the first Bachelor of Arts to earn the cheers of the Kop.

Heighway, born in Dublin of English parents, is an apparently nerveless player, who thinks nothing of playing in front of a huge crowd. His total ability to relax, coupled with phenomenal acceleration, can make nonsense of any system of close marking.

But can Heighway make a fool of Franz Beckenbauer, used more and more by his club, Bayern Munich, as a free-back—that is, as the player whom Heighway will meet when he is past the defence. I think not. Beckenbauer is too experienced and too formidable a player to be caught by Heighway's tactics.

Experienced

Liverpool, it must be admitted, are still a good few points below perfection, with a ratio of goals to chances that must leave Shankly seething with frustration. No such deficiency is to be found in Munich. Bayern have proved prolific scorers this season, and are neck-and-neck with Borussia Munchengladbach at the top of the German league.

Bayern's manager, Udo Lattek, transferred inside-forward Rainer Ohlhauser to Grasshoppers of Zurich in the close season, a decision many thought to be a serious mistake. Certainly for a time Gerd Müller, leading league scorer in Europe last year with 38 goals, suffered from lack of service in the firing line—as a total of nine goals at the halfway stage in the championship implies.

But Lattek has been cleverer than he appeared. Last season stopping Müller meant stopping Bayern: now the largely unknown Karl-Heinz Mrosko and Franz Roth, better known as a midfield player, are also coming through to find the target. So I don't expect Liverpool to win, but I do expect two really superb matches.

There is a danger of seeing the European Fairs Cup as an Anglo-German affair. Certainly Vitoria Setubal are not capable in dispelling this conception, and nor are Twente of Enschede, even if they have discovered a fine young goalscorer in Van der Kerkhoff. But their quarter-final opponents, Juventus, could take the trophy back to Turin.

Juventus appear to be achieving peak form at the best possible time. For in one week they beat Twente 2-0 in the first leg of this tie, then thrashed Catania 5-0 in the Italian League to move into fifth place.

Behind this sudden revival is the equally sudden recovery of Helmut Haller, dogged by injury over the past year. Haller broke a collar-bone playing for West Germany in a friendly shortly before the World Cup, and though Helmut Schön used him in the first match, both had to admit that the injury had not properly healed.

Even with Juventus this season Haller seemed a shadow of his former self, several times playing in only half a match. Then, just as suddenly, everything clicked back into place; and Juventus, just as quickly, moved up the league table.

Haller, working mainly in midfield, provides wonderful service for Juventus's three formidable strikers, Savoldi, Anastasi and Bettega, who scored a hat-trick against Catania. With Salvadore as ruthless as ever at the rear, Juventus could beat anybody on a good day—provided, of course, they at last take the Fairs Cup seriously.

Two English teams very much involved in the Fairs Cup are Arsenal and Liverpool. Here seen in action at Highbury last year, which saw the Gunners have a resounding 2–0 victory, are John Toshack, Frank McLintock and Bob McNab.

LIKELY TEAMS

Arsenal: Wilson; Rice, McLintock, Simpson, McNab; Storey, Sammels, Graham; Armstrong, Radford, Kennedy. Subs: Barnett, Nelson, Kelly, Roberts, George.

IFC Koln: Manglitz; Kowalski, Hemmersbach, Weber, Thielen; Simmet, Overath, Rupp; Flohe, Kapellmann, Lohr. Subs: Soskic, Classen, Bishop, Parits, Kulmann.

Juventus: Tancredi; Spinosi, Morini, Salvadore, Furino; Cuccureddu, Haller, Capello; Marchetti, Anastasi, Bettega. Subs: Piloni, Savoldi, Cassio, Novellini, Landini.

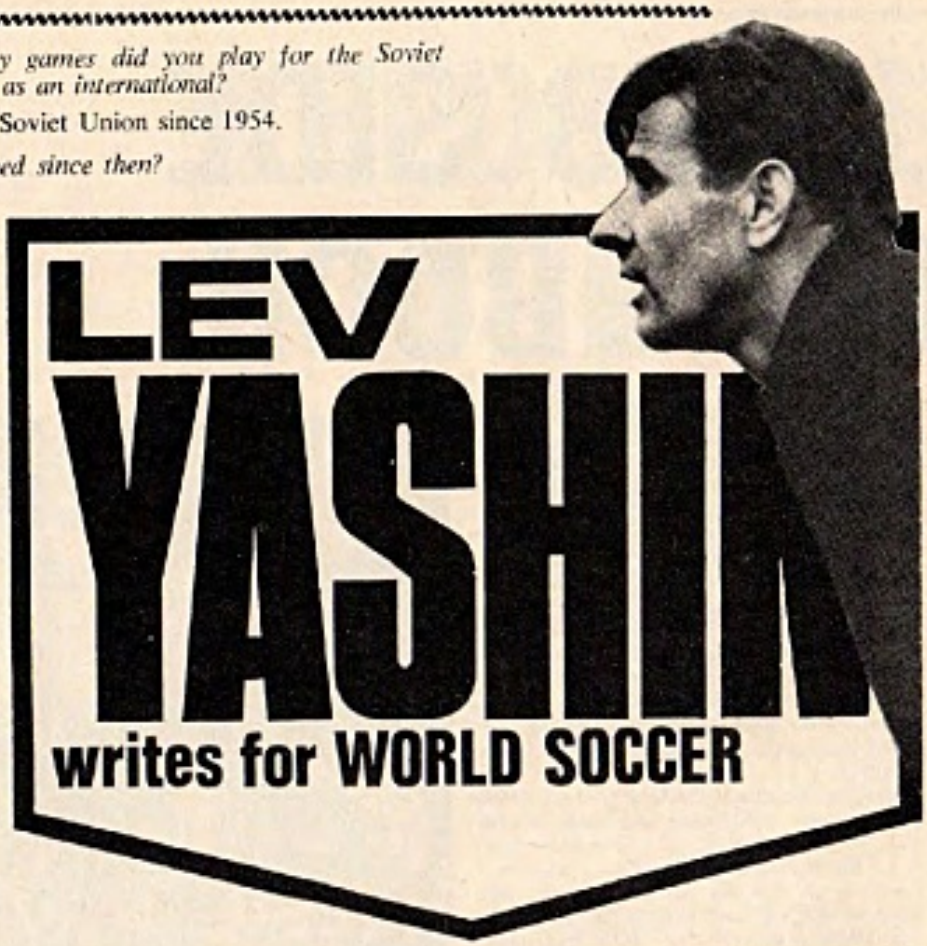
Leeds United: Sprake; Reaney, Charlton, Hunter, Cooper; Bremner, Giles, Madeley; Lorimer, Clarke, Jones. Subs: Harvey, Yorath, Bates, Belfitt, Gray.

Liverpool: Clemence; Lawler, Smith, Lloyd, Yeats; Callaghan, McLaughlin, Hughes; Heighway, Toshack, Hall. Subs: Lawrence, Evans (R.), Lindsay, Boersma, Whitham.

Bayern Munich: Maier; Hansen, Beckenbauer, Schwarzenbeck, Pumm; Koppenhofer, Roth, Mrosko; Zobel, Muller, Brenninger. Subs: Seifert, Hoeness, Schneider, Breitner, Maas.

Twente: Schrijvers; Van Iersel, Droot, De Vries, Oranen; Have, Van der Voll, Pahlplatz; Willy Van der Kerkhof, Jeuring, Rene Van der Kerkhof. Subs: Strezer, Nagy, Achterberg, Beekman.

Vitoria Setubal: Torres; Rebelo, Cardoso, Jose Mendes, Carrico; Octavio, Jose Mendes, Carrico; Octavio, Jose Maria, Vagner; Vitor Baptista, Guerreiro, Jacinto Joao. Subs: Jose Martins, Jose Lino, Arcanjo, Cascca, Amancio.



GREATEST HONOUR AGAINST ENGLAND

Question: Lev Ivanovitch, how many games did you play for the Soviet Union, and when were you first chosen as an international?

Answer: I've been appearing for the Soviet Union since 1954.

And how many games have you played since then?

If you only count official matches, then I've played 78 times.

Can you tell us about the match you remember most?

Every footballer has some days which he particularly remembers. For me, neither the times I played for the Soviet Olympic team nor the full international team were as important as the match of the century at Wembley in 1963, when I played for the Rest of the World against England in the first half. I consider this appearance the greatest honour for my services to football. I shall never forget playing alongside the greatest players in the world. The English team was then at its peak.

From the football point of view this was an exhibition match, but what are your impressions about performances against other national sides?

Well, I would say this. The greatest test for any footballer is the World Cup. In the World Cup international teams are, as it were, facing an examination in front of the sporting public of the world . . . I played in Sweden, Chile, England, and was a member of the Soviet squad in Mexico. I would say I played my best games in the various World Cup competitions.

Point of view

Which forwards do you remember, and which gave you the most trouble?

That's a difficult question to answer. Talking about the Wembley match, I would say that Jimmy Greaves was the most dangerous forward. But that was in 1963. Now that tactics have changed, every forward is a danger . . . from a goalkeeper's point of view, every player, as soon as he moves on to the attack, is a danger. Now you have to watch every player as soon as he has the ball.

Why now?

Under the present system, defenders also switch to attack; midfield players also—incidentally they score many goals.

Is it the practice in the Soviet Union, when a corner is being taken, for the centre-half to come forward and stand in front of the goalkeeper, as Jackie Charlton does for England and also for Leeds? He stands right in front of the goalkeeper on the line, blocking the goalkeeper's vision.

Yes, we have the same thing. It is done on the trainer's instruction, in order to limit the goalkeeper's vision, to make it difficult for him to follow the flight of the ball from the corner. This happens in all teams throughout the world.

Can we discuss British or English players?

It's very complicated to talk about British players, because England is considered the birthplace of football. Naturally, in the English teams over the past few years there have been many fine players. One could name Bobby Moore, Ray Wilson, Bobby Charlton, Jimmy Greaves, Geoff Hurst, Roger Hunt, Alan Ball. These players won the World Cup and, naturally, I think they are first-class footballers.

What do you think of Bobby Charlton's play?

I like Bobby Charlton because he is active and mobile, and he thinks all the time he is on the field. His passing is extremely accurate, and he understands what his colleagues are doing. In other words he is a great specialist, a thinking footballer. Not for nothing is he thought of as the best footballer not only in England but also in the whole world. But, apart from all this, he is a great person, on the field a real gentleman who would never kick his opponents or make a rude remark to a referee.

And Bobby Moore?

Well, Bobby is a stopper, with whom it is easy for a goalkeeper to play. He positions himself extremely well and reads the game perfectly. He is technically well-equipped, brave, and I think it must be a good thing to play behind him.

And Gordon Banks?

Banks is a fellow-goalkeeper and I can only speak good about goalkeepers. It seems to me the poor goalkeeper is always alone, that it is he who has to withstand the pressure of all 11 opponents, and that every mistake can prove fatal.

And what distinguishes Banks's play?

Well, I've seen Banks play many times. He is extremely reliable, very straightforward. He doesn't go in for flashy leaps or playing to the gallery. He plays it straight and simple. And that is what a team needs from its goalkeeper.

Marseille marked end of an era

by Leslie Vernon

IT has been all quiet on the Hungarian football front during the winter months. Even quieter than usual, because due to the change of the championship system (autumn-spring), transfers were not allowed during this close season. By all accounts, the players worked very hard in their training camps and various hide-outs, and if the detailed reports of their exertions are correct, then the forthcoming spring season should provide some magnificent clashes between superbly fit footballers.

I prefer to wait for the evidence before showering the players and their coaches with praises. These glowing pre-season accolades have often been dished out in the past without any visible improvement in the standard of football afterwards.

Preiner, the Honved boss, introduced a novel idea during the winter training programme. The players were given a diary and told to make daily comments on the training schedule, how they feel physically, whether they are happy or not, etc.

The completed booklets must not be signed, so the boys can be as frank as they like in the cloak of anonymity. Preiner hopes that the data collected will prove to be useful, and his method should encourage the players to think for themselves.

During the months of inactivity, there was plenty of room in the papers to indulge in a thorough assessment of the past year, and some of the findings are worth repeating. In 1970, First Division teams played 130 matches against foreign opposition. The bulk of these games were friendlies, but there were also several competitive matches in the various competitions.

The overall balance sheet is favourable to the Hungarians—63 victories, 24 draws and 43 defeats, goals for, 240; against, 171. This means that 58% of the available "points" were won, a figure almost identical to that of the national team, which showed 57% credit balance for the year. One cannot draw too many conclusions from these statistics, because the strength of the opposition varied considerably, and no fewer than 91 of the matches were in fact played abroad.

Major Cups

In the 34 competitive matches, the Hungarians' results are not so good. They won only 13 times, going out of the major cups at the early stages, although Vasas, Ferencvaros and Dozsa all triumphed in small tournaments in Spain, and brought home weighty trophies.

Jozsef Hofer, national team manager, summed up the year's football admirably, answering a question put to him by Pal Borbely of *Nepsport*. "In my view, it is most significant that during 1970, the state of our football became a national talking point. "Marseille" marked an end of an era. After that disaster, it became crystal clear that the belief that 'great Hungarian football' still exists, was a fallacy—we were also-rans, nothing more.

"The World Cup in Mexico was a marvellous lesson. The millions watching on TV must have realised that in modern football, the players must have excellent ball techniques plus perfect stamina and fighting spirit. Unfortunately, some of our coaches and several players cannot or will not accept this truism. They still cling to the outdated idea that sheer cleverness on the ball is enough. I do hope that this old-fashioned attitude will gradually disappear, and that at least one of our leading clubs will develop into a truly great team, good enough to win international honours.

"Up to now, the limit of their ambition was the winning of domestic titles—this narrow-mindedness, lack of vision, must change, otherwise we'll be standing still while others progress. I used 13 new players in the national team during the year—this must have finally convinced everyone that the 'reserved places' system is over. Names do not mean anything to me, I have selected my teams on performance only, and will do the same in the future.

"I have been severely criticised for this policy, and when we beat Norway at Oslo in the European Championship, people smiled sarcastically. A few weeks later, the Norwegians travelled to Sofia and drew with Bulgaria, a result which provided me with the last laugh."

Hofer was asked to accept his present job, at a time when practically no one else was available. Behind the scenes, he was considered as "too light-weight" and only a "stopgap" solution. But sometimes the job maketh the man, and in Hofer, the Hungarians might have chosen, almost by accident, their best national team boss since the palmy days of Gusztav Sebes in the '50s.

The "new deal" which comes into operation as soon as the season starts, curtails the players' power and gives the coaches more authority and security of tenure. I feel that most of the coaches are strong enough to take advantage of the situation, and the vast majority of the players are willing to toe the line.

Unfortunately, there are still some greedy troublemakers who shirk their responsibilities and hide behind "cliques", specially formed to undermine the coaches' standing. Players have been digging their own graves for years, and have got away with their unsavoury activities with the help of some misguided club officials.

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Adapt rather than copy ideas

TECHNICAL FEATURE by ERIC BATTY

WITH England in the vanguard, the last decade has seen a movement away from the old-style soccer—the game of the working classes, played by brilliant ball artists (at professional level) and towards a game still based on skill but allied to technical understanding. In a word . . . coaching.

Whether one likes it or not, and it must be conceded that there are many who do not, this movement has been so successful — bringing the World Cup for England in 1966 and a host of international trophies for British clubs since and there can be no doubt that it is here to stay. The work of the new technicians can be seen everywhere and perhaps one point which should maybe have been said before and heavily stressed, there is no suggestion that stars like George Best, Colin Bell and Alan Ball are on the way out as a result of this new approach. Instead, the new methods of coaching are aimed at making such players even better players by allying their natural skills to greater understanding (technical knowledge) and by so doing, enabling the players to use their talents to greater effect and with more economy in terms of physical effort.

Through books and magazine articles, television replays and relatively free discussions the top coaches of the day are spreading their ideas and if the movement began in England the rest of the world is taking notice . . . and acting, too. The visiting *tecnico* comes to Britain, watches, notes and remembers and goes home to spread the new gospel and in the years to come they will reap the benefits.

Even the South Americans, so steeped in the popular belief in the *magic* of the individual, are following the new move and, more important, introducing many of the innovations which come to their attention. But, if in South America and elsewhere this is being accomplished without publicity, the Europeans being generally better educated and therefore more able to follow and understand and appreciate have been given the opportunity to be made aware.

Satisfaction

Many choose to ignore these opportunities but a growing number are taking note and once the breakthrough has been made these spectators are finding a new satisfaction, a new enjoyment in the game because through familiarity they *feel* that they are part of the new set-up.

At the same time, however, there are a great many coaches at amateur and junior level, and school teachers, youth club leaders and the like who, having had their eyes opened, are attempting to introduce their players to the modern ideas. Many of them, I feel, are falling into the big trap. To see a spectacular move—whether it be a simple twist given to a dead ball situation like a free-kick or a more intricate piece of combined team-work in fluid play, the idea is recognised and understood. The next step naturally is to introduce this new idea to their players.

This is the critical point, the moment where unnecessary difficulties arise because the teacher-coach does not give sufficient recognition to the fact that he is working with human material (i.e. players) who do not have the basic skills of the talented professionals and fail to make sufficient allowance for this factor. The result, all too often, is that after a few unsuccessful attempts to add the new idea to the team's playing vocabulary, the idea is abandoned as "unworkable".

To make this same point from another direction, I have in my somewhat privileged position as a journalist been allowed to watch the top teams in training. To do so is to realise that even the stars—the Bobby Charltons, Bests and Moores—are not infallible. Given a comparatively simple skill practice you would be surprised at the number of times that the big stars fail to place their pass "spot-on" even in training, away from all the pressures which are inherently bound up in match play and competitive football.

Realising that even the top class players make bad passes sometimes—not *bad* in the sense that it was not a good idea at base, but bad in the sense that the ball did not arrive at the point intended — how can one reasonably expect lesser players, amateurs, schoolboys and the like to do better than the top ranking stars?

All this, however, is by way of introduction to my theme for this month, which comes down to this: that ideas wherever and however discovered must be related to the level at which the coach is working and if necessary "adapted" to the skills of the players available at that level. This I fear is not being done, probably because the point has not been made before or maybe not emphasised enough.

Illustrate

Now to illustrate this point and I hope put it all into perspective an example. We go to Tottenham, in the flesh or through the eyes of the television camera and we see a great move between, say, three players that culminates in a spectacular goal.

We all applaud, great stuff—this is what gives the game its wide appeal and will keep soccer at the head of the spectator sport list for at least the rest of this century. Even the less prejudiced visiting supporters will grudgingly admit it was a good goal or at least "not bad".

But binding together this three-man move that brought the goal was, say, a delicate little flick from Gilzean; a first time pass laid to perfection by Mullery and a beautiful little chip from Peters. To reproduce this particular move and a host of slight variations around that one theme we *must* have players who can give the ball just that right little touch from Gilzean, Mullery or Peters.

Diagram B

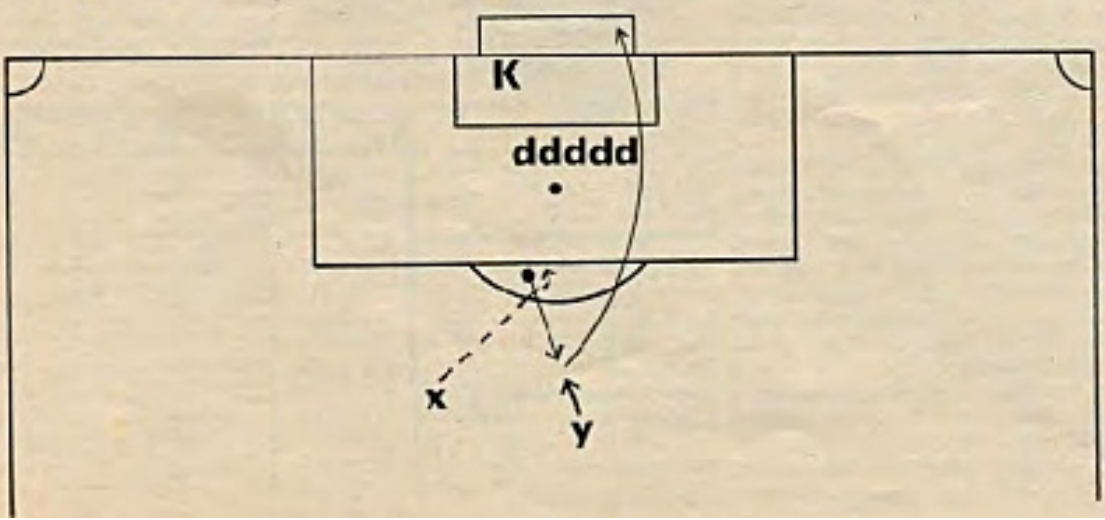
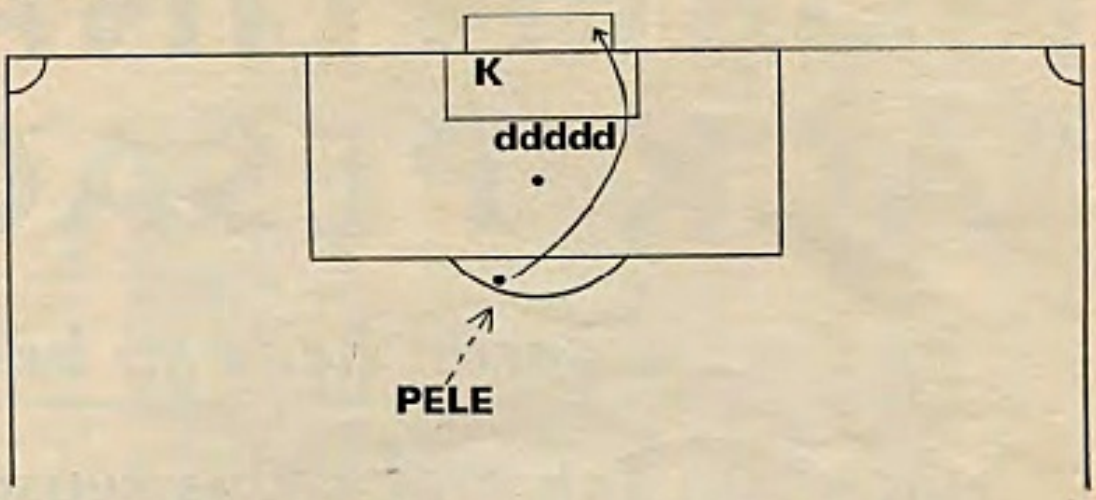


Diagram A



Such players and their equivalents all around the world can be expected to try such things with high hopes of success. But the chances are that this same move (or one very similar—a slight variation) has been tried on numerous occasions during the same game and broke down. These other moves failed because even Gilzean, Mullery and Peters are human. They are not machines; they cannot string their passes together with the necessary degree of perfection *every time* and neither can the top players of Everton, Manchester City or anyone else. They can and do try but they fail as often as they succeed!

If we recognise that the stars cannot do it easily and with 99% accuracy and success how can we possibly expect lesser players to do these same things unless we accept that the success ratio will be markedly lower? If we want youngsters or amateurs to try and play the new game—and I believe we should—then we must accept that while Spurs can pull a move off and score a goal, say, once in four attempts, our players will probably have to try it eight, nine, ten or even maybe 14 times before it brings a goal.

Dedication

In my opinion and according to my doctrine there is no choice—we must keep at it—and incidentally I firmly believe that knowing from experience (having made it work and produce goals in matches) the players will respond in the desired fashion when their attempts fail ... and devote themselves with greater dedication at future training sessions.

Nothing is more encouraging than success and having made something work after maybe 14 attempts, the players want to do it again. Extra attention and patience—from the players and the coach—can improve the success level to 1 in 8 instead of 1 in 14 attempts and that improvement could make the team champions!

To really bring out my theme let us take a free-kick situation in which the artists who can "bend" a dead ball can score (or go close) with a very high ratio of success. Just outside the enemy 18-yard line we have a free-kick. Pelé (or Peters) puts the ball down "teeing" it up nicely if he can ... and even building a little mud *tee* for the ball to rest on *if* the referee will allow it. Then up he steps and with a delicate little touch the ball sails over the wall—or round it—aimed at the goalkeeper's exposed far post. This, of course, is the one that the wall of defenders is attempting to cover ... as in Diagram A.

Even Peters AND Pelé will not score every time but at lower levels the ball will frequently hit one of the players in the wall and just as often it will fly harmlessly wide or "drop" far beyond the target, simply because lesser players cannot chip or bend a dead ball which is in fact (try it yourself) one of the most difficult skills to acquire.

If we try it ourselves and understand just how difficult it is, go one step further. Ask one of the players to roll a sweet little pass back to you, slowly and gently to your best foot from around five yards range and see how much easier it is to add swerve (by cutting—table tennis style—the ball with the inside of the foot) or to chip (by getting under the moving ball).

Concentrate

To "chip" the moving ball, lean further back from it, that is to say push the playing foot a little further forward than you would if you intended to hammer the ball and try to get the big toe under the ball first, followed by the inside of the instep and finally (most important) after "chipping" the ball *do not follow through*. Keep your eye on your foot at first to make sure that the "follow through" is eliminated. While you concentrate on cutting out the follow through, the players can watch the ball and see how much easier it is to chip a *moving ball* compared to the difficulty of trying to do just the same thing with a dead ball.

And of course they can tell you just how *good* your moving ball chip was. Before moving on, let me emphasise that the follow through is an important ingredient in the "bent" ball, but the follow-through must follow the flight path of the ball had it been intended to be a straight shot (and again watch the foot and not the ball to ensure that this is correctly carried out). Later we will watch the players and ensure that they follow through correctly or do not follow through depending on whether they are attempting to chip or bend the ball.

Imagination

Now to the real "meat". Having spotted the idea at White Hart Lane and decided to try it at our lower level we must allow for the fact that the players taking our free-kicks are not Pelé or Peters and are less skilled. So we must use our imagination and with just one little twist we can give our most talented (but still very ordinary player compared with Pelé) a good chance of scoring from a free-kick with a chip or a bent shot.

We have learned (see above) by personal experience how much easier it is to chip or bend a moving ball, but here we have a free-kick and it isn't moving. Answer—make it move and in so doing make it easier to achieve and bring it within the scope and skills of our players ... see Diagram B.

All we need is this understanding that we cannot take ideas from the masters and expect lesser men to copy with the same success, plus a little imagination to turn an apparently impossible task into a far easier one. In Diagram B, the defensive wall is the same as that in Diagram A. The problem is the same but the approach is "adapted" to suit our lesser skill.

Player X shapes up to take the free-kick, runs up to the ball looking as if he's going to try and kill someone in the wall then suddenly stops on the ball, turns and rolls the ball nicely back for player Y. The latter has time against him, for once the enemy realises what is going on they will rush at him so Y must step forward and get his bid in promptly. But if we allow the ball to roll back four or five yards it will be well to position player Y eight or nine yards from the ball. From there he has time to measure the pass (the free-kick taken by X) and "setting himself as he does so" step forward to make his scoring bid meeting the ball around four or five yards from the point where the free-kick was taken.

With defenders rushing at him, player Y must remain calm but his task is so much simpler and, another advantage — the movement of defenders is very likely to cause problems for the defending 'keeper by obscuring his view of the ball and the shot.

Coaching

This, to me, is the essence of modern coaching for amateurs and maybe even for the professional game below Division I: we must watch the top people to steal ideas but adapt them to suit the skills of our players. To ignore the chance of adding new ideas is surely foolish but to expect players of lesser skill to perform like Pelé is the height of folly and by all means doomed to failure. Watch, learn, adapt and coach.

FIORENTINA SACK PESAOLA

Third managerial head to be placed on the block this season

PHILIP EVANS reports

NOT surprisingly, yet rather sadly, Bruno Pesaola has been released from his contract as coach to Fiorentina. His is the third managerial head to be placed on the block during the current season—in November Heriberto Herrera was dismissed by the management of Inter, his dismissal followed two weeks later by that of Renato Lucchi, coach to Verona.

Pesaola's dismissal, however foreseeable and inevitable, will come as the least welcome to so many people. It was not that he was a great player. In fact his career was never distinguished. He did win one international cap during the late '50s and played with some force for Roma, Novara, Genoa, finally Napoli. But he seemed on the way to making a great name for himself as a manager.

Third position

He ended his playing days with Napoli, stayed with the club in a coaching capacity. In 1964–65 he pulled the club out of the *Serie B*, into which they had shamefully fallen, and in the succeeding season helped the club to finish in third position behind Bologna and Inter. In 1966–67 Napoli finished fourth, in 1967–68 they finished second behind an AC Milan that demolished everything in its path. And Pesaola left to coach Fiorentina.

It is only 20 months ago since Pesaola was being fêted and rewarded for his magnificent achievement in taking Fiorentina to the top of the table. If it was anyone's triumph, this victory of the *scudetto*, it was Pesaola's. Forced to field a team of inexperienced players, pulled together in the hope of winning some future success, he blended them magnificently, discovered further youngsters of uncommon talent, managed to keep them cool and steady in the warm days towards the end of the season and rightfully came through victorious.

From that to this—his dismissal. And it is not unfair to suggest that Pesaola became a victim of his own success. He was roundly criticised for his tactics in the European Cup game against Celtic in Glasgow. But one of the Celtic goals was provided by the Fiorentina back, Carpenetti, and there was more than a sniff of offside about Celtic's third goal. To hear an Italian manager being criticised for an over-defensive, pragmatic attitude! Which goes to show that the end always justifies the means. Had Pesaola won that tie, nothing would have been heard of his tactics.

True, coaches have to bear the blame for any defeat. But for the present season Pesaola was handed an unlikely roster of players to do the job. He, above all, was victim of the Italian system of transfers, whereby so much power is placed in the hands of the club chairmen, so little notice taken of the wishes of the coach concerned. Pesaola was left without a reasonable full-back. He was given a vaunted striker in Vitali, but one very dependent upon co-operation from other forwards.

Dovetail

Chiarugi, therefore, became perhaps the key player. The onus was upon him to provide Vitali with service from the wings, to dovetail with him in front of goal. Now Chiarugi is a player of high talent, swift and with a remarkable left-foot shot, more venomous, I think, than Riva's. He is also a player of wayward impulse, happy to sit out a game, make no contribution, throw tantrums, refuse to co-operate. You name it and Chiarugi is capable of coming up with it. And Pesaola could never get Chiarugi to do what he wanted.

He dropped Vitali, dropped Superchi, dropped Botti. But given the weakness at the back, the lack of co-operation up front, Pesaola's actions began to smack of desperation. It is true that he was unfortunate in the matter of injuries. Esposito, Merlo, Chiarugi, Vitali have all missed games this season, and they are key players. But several players have been sent off in recent games, signs that the psychological aspect of Fiorentina's game had withered into irresponsibility. Alone in all this has been the steadiness of Ferrante in the defence, the pluck of De Sisti in midfield.

Relationship

Called in to shore up the falling fortunes of the club was that old veteran in the technique of makeshift coaching policy, Oronzo Pugliese. Pesaola had a paternal relationship with the Fiorentina players, perhaps too paternal. The players wept to see him go. Perhaps Pugliese will introduce some strong-arm tactics to shake the team up. But the crowd, ever fickle, have really got it in for their players, and the job of keeping the team up in the *Serie A* won't be an easy one.

There were not a few commentators disposed at the beginning of the season to see Fiorentina as one of the teams due to challenge for the championship title. And there are many others, less involved, who have been tempted to see events at Fiorentina as something of a minor tragedy.

One thing is certain. Pesaola will be back with another club next season. He has too many friends in the game, has won too much respect to remain out in the cold for anything lengthier than the next few months.

Colin McAlpin reports

Derek Dougan heads for goal during Northern Ireland's match against Cyprus.

Ireland end dismal run

THE fact that Northern Ireland ended a dismal run of nine international games without success when they beat Cyprus 3-0 in last month's European Championship tie in Nicosia, should not be allowed to cloud the issues surrounding the side's chronic shortage of really effective forward power.

The win, which brought Billy Bingham's boys their first points in a group which includes Spain and the Soviet Union, was fully deserved, was achieved in atrocious conditions (heavy rain before and during the game churned the National Stadium into a waterlogged mud bath) and certainly a morale boosting breakthrough. But it is by no means the end of the road. There is still much work to be done before Northern Ireland's recent record is wiped out.

It was heartening to note the success of Linfield's winger Bryan Hamilton and to note that three other Irish League players—team-mate Eric McGhee and the Coleraine pair Des Dixon (the leading scorer in domestic soccer) and Tommy O'Doherty—were included in the party. It suggests that Bingham, manager of Irish League challengers Linfield, might do well to consider Ulster-based players as well as their more glamorous cross-channel counterparts for future international games.

Obviously the inept finishing produced in previous games is a constant worry to Bingham. Yet with men of the class of Derek Dougan and George Best lining up in attack it is a perpetual mystery why this should be so. Perhaps the very nature of these two—Dougan, the maker rather than taker, of goals and Best, the unpredictable ball-playing genius—makes it virtually impossible to get the figures in the "for" column looking healthier.

Encouragement

It must have been a great encouragement to Irish League players to see that Bingham was happy to include some of their number in his panel. Now that he has the opportunity to see locals in action regularly we can look forward to a broader-based Northern Ireland side. Men like Dixon, if he maintains his remarkable scoring achievements, O'Doherty and Hamilton could very well be in line for British Championship games at the end of the season, and for the matches against Spain and Russia. Who knows, we might even have Irish League representation in our next World Cup pool.

Two clubs in domestic football touched on lightly in my last article jumped into the headlines in recent weeks. Distillery announced that they hoped to be installed in their spanking new stadium by 1975 and Crusaders lost the services of their quiet-spoken manager Jimmy Todd, who resigned.

Distillery, the oldest professional club in Ireland and nearing their centenary, will move to a multi-million sports complex on the outskirts of Belfast where they will build an all-seated, floodlight stadium. And the area they are moving to, Newtonabbey, has a growing population starved of senior football and counting the days to when they can claim the go-ahead Whites as their own local side.

Chairman Denis Moore, speaking of the move from cramped Grosvenor Park (where a proposed ring road by Belfast Corporation will slice away part of the terracing and make football impossible) to Newtonabbey, told me: "It's a wonderful opportunity and a terrific challenge. The ring road made it almost impossible for us to continue at Grosvenor but this offer from Newtonabbey Urban Council to start up in their area presents us with the break we need."

Distillery plan to hit the area with a hard-sell the like of which hasn't been seen in the local game before.

"We will be going after potential supporters. Once we are really settled in we will be looking for a regular home gate of something like 10,000. But, of course, we have to go and attract them," commented Denis.

And their mammoth public relations job will include travelling exhibitions tracing the club's long and chequered history, film shows—sports panel nights with local youth clubs, and massive and attractive advertising in the local press, "come and visit us" sessions for fathers and sons and essay and painting competitions for local schools.

Crusaders, on the other hand, have run into a depression. Todd, who in his three-years' stay at Seaview, attracted to the club some of the league's most outstanding players, called it a day at the end of January.

The troubles at Seaview began when the club lashed out on a breath-taking £45,000 social centre. It was a bold step for an unfashionable little club in north Belfast—but in a curious way it became their undoing. Officials, naturally with such a project, saw it as the saviour of the club—yet failed to see that their one real asset, the team, was going through a lean spell for want of adequate boardroom guidance. Jimmy Todd for the most part was left to fend for himself while all energies were spent in the social field. They failed to see that having the best social club in the league wasn't quite the same as having the best team.

ROGER MACDONALD'S African Notebook

Asante Kotoko New Champions

ASANTE KOTOKO Sporting Club of Ghana are the new club champions of Africa. Against all expectations, they beat Engelbert of Congo-Kinshasha 2-1 on their own ground to take the title for the first time in their history.

Yet in the first leg at Kumasi, the second town in Ghana, the Congolese seemed to have done enough to win the championship. Watched by an excited crowd of 50,000, they came away with a 1-1 draw.

Immaculate

The Ghanaians scored first, a fine header in the 34th minute by Abukari from an immaculate centre by Malik Jabir. But in the second period Engelbert found their rhythm. After just three minutes the dangerous Pierre Kalala headed in Tshinabu's clever free-kick, and it took some astonishing saves by Robert Mensah to keep Asante's hopes alive.

Yet at Kinshasha a fortnight later Asante surpassed themselves to win the match and the cup. At first Engelbert lived up to their designation "Tout-Puissant", the "All-Powerful", and Tshinabu had the ball in Mensah's net after barely a minute, only to be given offside.

Control

But Abukari scored in a breakaway after 12 minutes, and even Tshinabu's goal a quarter of an hour before the interval could not change the course of the match. Asante squeezed Engelbert until the pips squeaked, and with just ten minutes left, Malik scored a magnificent winning goal for a 3-2 aggregate victory.

Kotoko are certainly worthy successors to the Egyptian side, Ismaili, whom they beat in the semi-finals. Their goalkeeper, Mensah, is probably the best in Africa—certainly the best outside Morocco; defenders Brenya, Ben Kusi and Oliver Acquah, and forwards Abukari, Osmanu and Malik show a startling range of talents. But they owe a lot to their captain, Ibrahim Sunday, whose ability to control midfield finally sapped the strength of the opposition.

In contrast Engelbert could never find enough ammunition for their main striker, Kalala, and badly missed the services of their own captain and key strategist, Osei Kofi ... injured in a stupid road accident. So the Ghanaians have won outright the gold cup that their former president, Nkuamé Nkrumah, put up for the competition. Which may be politically expedient; for knowing how the demi-god is now regarded in Accra, I suspect the Ghanaian FA are planning to melt the cup down to reduce the national debt.

Nigeria to reorganise

NIGERIA, already knocked out of the African Nations Cup by Congo-Kinshasha, have already started reorganising their team. But judging by their 2-0 defeat in Lagos at the hands of a scratch West German Olympic side, they've still some way to go.

Although Morocco survived their tie with Algeria by a hairsbreadth, their performance was not good enough to save Blagoje Vidinic, the huge Yugoslav who took them to Mexico for the World Cup.

Vidinic has been replaced by Sabino Barrinaga, a Spaniard familiar to many in Britain, especially at Southampton, where he came to study. At 18 Barrinaga was good enough to play for Real Madrid as a centre-forward, though he was scarcely a Di Stefano; his chief claim to fame was scoring the first goal at Real's then new stadium in Madrid.

Barrinaga stayed ten years at Real, then moved on to Betis, Valadolid and Real Sociedad of San Sebastian. In 1955 he became a coach, with Malaga, Betis, Atletico Madrid (as full manager), Valencia and Majorca. He specialised in getting poor teams out of relegation trouble, mainly by elaborate defensive systems.

In 1966 Barrinaga coached the Spanish team that reached the World Cup finals; in 1970 the Nigerian team that didn't. At 48—he was born on August 15, 1922—Barrinaga is hardly likely to impart any fresh ideas in Morocco. His first assessment of the team: "Clever, but physically appalling." So it looks as if weight-lifting and cross-country running could soon be on the Moroccans' agenda.

West German Newsletter

ARTHUR ROTMIL

FEW COMPETITIVE GAMES FOR SCHOEN

THE year 1971 will be an important one for the West German national side and its manager Helmut Schoen. Their immediate task is to reach the quarter-finals of the European Championship and continue to challenge Europe's top countries during the following year. For it will be Germany's only opportunity to prepare in competitive matches for the next World Cup. As hosts in 1974, the Germans qualify automatically for the final series and will therefore miss during the preceding season the chance of forging a strong side in serious outings.

Decisive

In their last European Championship bid they failed to win their group, having dropped a decisive point in Albania. This term West Germany are already under pressure after achieving no more than a home draw with Turkey. They have yet to meet Poland and ... Albania again! Here is the national side's full programme for 1971: February 17, in Tirana, v. Albania (ENC); April 25, in Istanbul, v. Turkey (ENC); June 12, in a German city, v. Albania (ENC); June 22, in Oslo, v. Norway; June 27, in Göteborg, v. Sweden; June 30, in Copenhagen, v. Denmark; October 10, in Warsaw, v. Poland (ENC); December 18, in Germany, v. Poland (ENC).

Since the encounter with Turkey, the Germans lost to Yugoslavia 0-2 and defeated Greece 3-1 in Athens, which is hardly convincing and has given rise to criticism of the national manager's tactical deployment as well as methods of selection. Schoen's six-year record, however, can easily stand up to censure. Under his command the team played 63 games, winning 39, drawing 14 and losing only 10, with a goal tally of 135-53. Schoen became the sole chief on November 4, 1964, when his side drew 1-1 with Sweden in Berlin in a World Cup qualifying match. Since then, Germany reached the World Cup final (1966) and finished third last year. Schoen's full record since that Berlin "début" reads as follows:

	P	W	D	L	F	A
1965	8	5	1	2	19	6
1966	14	11	1	2	33	9
1967	8	5	1	2	20	5
1968	11	5	5	1	14	8
1969	7	4	3	0	20	5
1970	14	9	2	3	28	19

Squad

Of those players who performed under Schoen's predecessor, Sepp Herberger, only three still belong to the present squad: Wolfgang Overath, Wolfgang Weber and Reinhard Libuda. During his spell of 63 internationals, Schoen called up 71 players, among them 45 "débutants". He awarded most caps to Beckenbauer and Höttges (47 each), Willi Schulz (46) and Overath (42).

Last year's successes prompted the country's leading soccer publication, *Kicker/Sport Magazin*, to nominate these seven men as "world class": Vogts (Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach) at full-back; Schnellinger (AC Milan) as central defender; Overath (Cologne), Netzer (Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach) and Seeler (Hamburger SV) in midfield; Müller (Bayern Munich) at inside-forward and Beckenbauer (Bayern) both as central defender and midfield linkman.

Interesting to note that such well-known World Cup players as goalkeeper Maier, defenders Höttges, Schulz and Fichtel plus forwards Haller, Löhr, Libuda and Grabowski are rated only "international class". Obviously the German press are not quite as lavish in their praise as, for example, their British counterparts who describe more of their own players as "world class" than anyone else.

The high evaluation of German stars is also confirmed in the annual poll organised by *France Football*. That lethal striker Gerd Müller became the first German to win the coveted title of "European Footballer of the Year". In addition, three other Germans appear in the first ten, namely Franz Beckenbauer in fourth place, Wolfgang Overath fifth and Uwe Seeler tenth.

Seeler has also been recently voted Germany's most popular sportsman. He is followed jointly by Beckenbauer and Müller, next come Alwin Schockemöhle (show-jumper), Overath, Josef Neckermann (dressage), Sepp Maier, Berti Vogts, Willi Schulz, Liesel Westermann (lady discus thrower) and Wilhelm Bungert (tennis).

HOW TO BREATHE

THE most important thing we do is breathe; we do it 23,000 times a day! Yet many of us, because it is so natural, take no more than a perfunctory interest in respiration. Reasonably enough we think such an automatic thing will look after itself. How far from the truth we are! Little do we realise that with a deeper and fuller respiration the entire lung is brought into action so that all the functions of body, mind and morale are stimulated.

In autumn 1955 Arsenal was struggling in the first division. Nothing seemed to work so in desperation their manager, Tom Whittaker, called in Capt. Knowles to train his players on a course of breathing exercises. The first course lasted seven weeks, ending at Christmas time. By then Arsenal had begun their come-back, and Whittaker was confident enough to reveal the secret behind their new found success in an article in the *Sunday Express*, and to ask Capt. Knowles to start a refresher course to last until the end of the season. Arsenal finished fifth that season following the Capt.'s claim that his system made them seconds faster—as 30% of the oxygen breathed goes to the brain.

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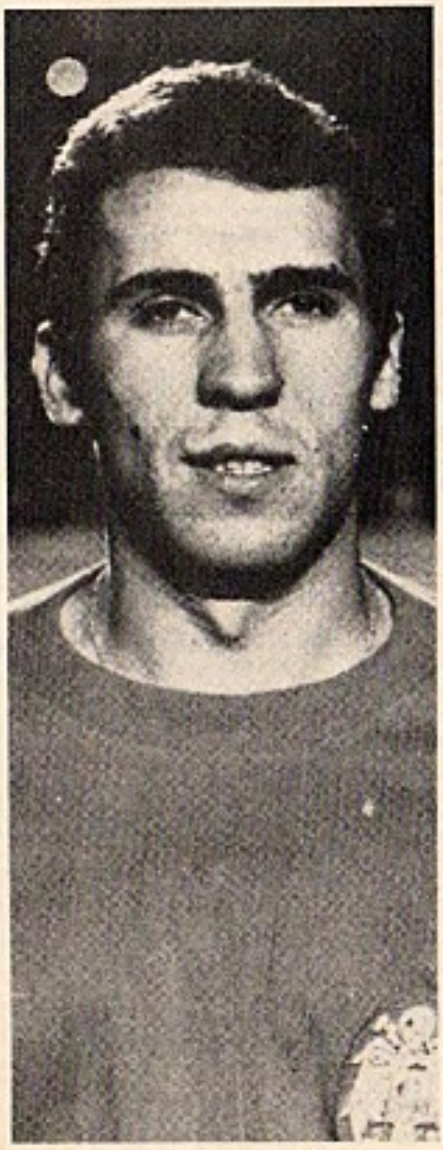
Capt. W.P. Knowles, M.C.

INGLEBY, CHERRY RISE, CHALFONT ST. GILES, BUCKS.

Shadow lingers over new squad

IF for no other reason than they captured the imagination of the European football public with their five successive European Champions Cup triumphs in the 1950s, Real Madrid will be forever fondly remembered.

Their exploits eventually filtered through to a British audience already in awe following the Hungarians' performance in 1953 at Wembley and the next year in Budapest. With the acclaim that is usually reserved for partisan plaudits in the Rangers and Celtic camps, the Hampden Park Scots gave a rousing reception to Real on the fifth of their European successes in 1960.



Amancio of Real Madrid.

But history records that this was the end of the Spanish club's practically invincible era on the Continent. They did manage to win the trophy again in 1966 and there were thoughts of the "new look" Real eventually taking over from their illustrious predecessors. Of course, it was a trifle difficult to follow in the wake of genius and, however well subsequent Real Madrid teams played, they had to live in the shadow of the giants of the past.

Last season the frustration of the fans who had seen nothing forthcoming in the European Cup for some years boiled over in what was a tragic season for the club. They began it well enough and were unbeaten in their first eight games. Then came a disastrous period from the beginning of November to the end of December when they suffered from the accumulation of a series of injuries which affected the side almost every week.

At one stage they had 11 players out of action and five of them had been in hospital for spells. Betancort and De Felipe underwent operations, Junquera and Fleitas had to have surgery and Grande missed several matches.

Injury period

On top of this, Real Madrid went out of the European Cup losing both legs of their tie with Standard Liege. Their defeat came in the middle of the injury period but was treated as something of a national disaster and the critics were screaming for someone's blood at Chamartin.

Most of this abuse was directed, naturally, at the poor team manager Miguel Munoz. But the club's president, Santiago Bernabeu, was unperturbed about the situation and merely asked casually whether Munoz wanted to resign.

But the effect of these injuries produced some poor results and a loss of confidence in the side. The exit from the Champions Cup meant that Real had a lot of leeway to make up otherwise they would be out of the competition for the first time in 15 years.

But the problems were really serious. Goalkeeper Betancort was injured in his sixth League game, missed two matches and then only appeared in another three. Junquera took over from him and he, too, was injured. Manuel Angel had a couple of appearances until he was also sidelined and Jose Luis Borja finished up as the senior choice between the sticks!

It was a couple of slips by Junquera which cost the club the Standard Liege second leg—and he was fit at the time!

Left-back Manuel Sanchis broke a bone in the sixth League game of the season and was absent until the last four games of the campaign. De Felipe and Calpe missed something like half of the League games but were still the most regular defenders. Zoco, Pirri, Fleitas, Grosso, Velazquez, Gento, Grande, Zunzunegui and Bueno also missed games through injury.

Defeated

Then on February 1 Real were hammered 5-0 by Atletico Bilbao. It was their heaviest defeat since March 1953 when they had crashed 6-0 to Malaga. This produced even more cries for managerial gore and the situation was indeed a more serious one then.

With no hope in the Spanish First Division it now rested on Real's efforts in the Spanish Cup. They certainly pulled themselves together and in the final defeated Valencia 3-1 to take the trophy for the first time since 1962.

It was quite the club's best performance of the season and they overcame the handicap of losing Amancio and Grosso both with injuries during the game.

Amancio had been top League scorer with 16 goals for the club and despite heavy criticism Sebastian Fleitas, the Paraguayan signed from Malaga, had weighed in with 12.

Slowing up

The evergreen Francisco "Paco" Gento was still regarded as senior choice after 17 years on the left wing but well in his middle 30s was slowing up. Still he only missed games through injury.

Real's final standing in the table was sixth, their lowest for two decades, but it was only because of poor goal average and with a better record here could have been third—scarcely a disaster.

But what rankled most was not featuring in the European Cup for 1970–71. The con-

Focus on REAL MADRID by JACK ROLLIN

"Only in the last weeks of January did they begin to improve again"

solation of the Cup Winners Cup was just a token for the once Champions Cup idols.

A couple of close season captures in Francisco Ballester (23), a right-back from Elche, gave hope of some improvement in defence, and freedom from injury would clearly play its part, too.

The dawning of the new season saw Real start well enough then fall away. Only in the last weeks of January did they begin to improve again with the return of their ace striker Amancio.

But Ballester suffered injury and Jose Luis occupied the right flank in defence with Sanchis on the left. Benito and Zoco have been bolstering the middle and Grande forming a useful midfield partnership with Pirri, the club's most consistent player in 1969–70, and already this term well ahead of his rivals for performance.

Regular berth

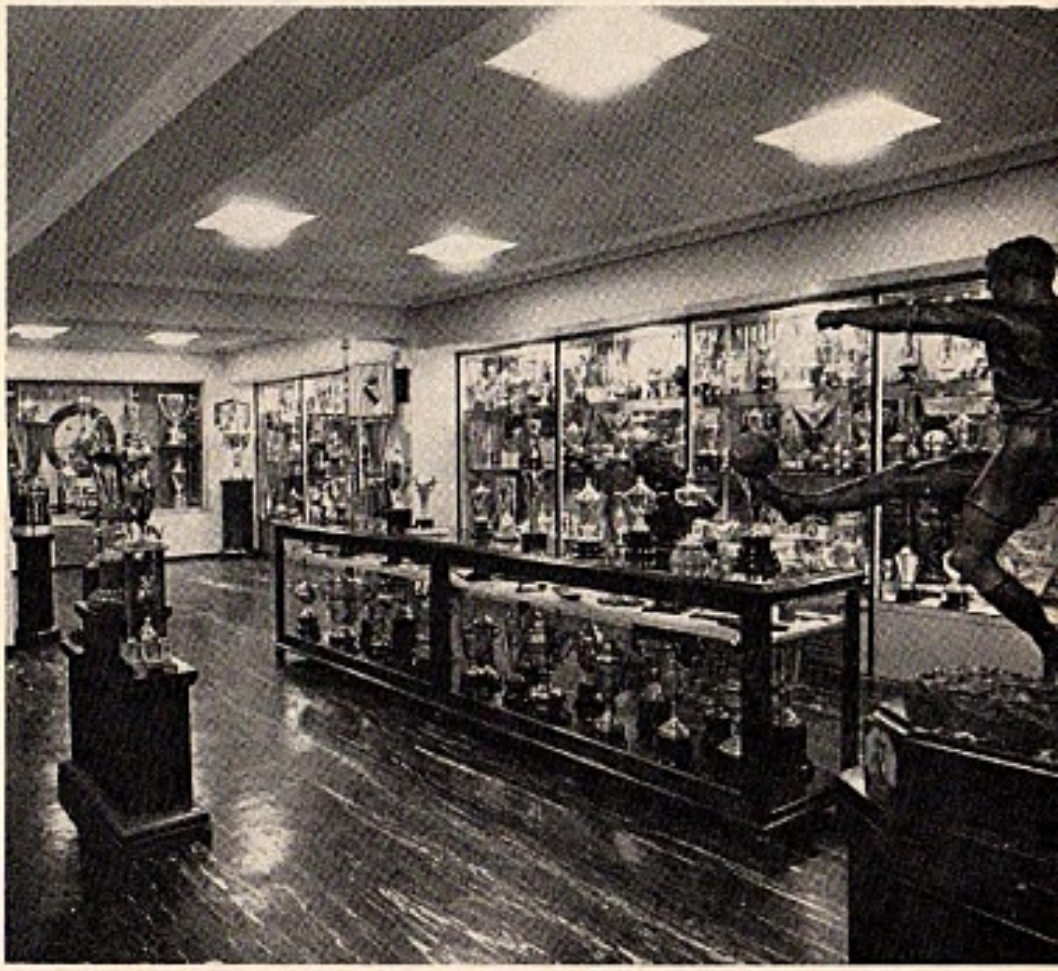
Gento at last seems to have lost his senior place. The head waiter, Bueno, 11 years his understudy, has gained a regular berth—how's that for patience....

Real's first two rounds in the Cup Winners Cup produced a couple of minor frights and there is no certainty that they will eliminate Cardiff City. But the great traditions at Chamartin can uplift any Real side.

League champions 14 times, Cup winners another ten, European Cup winners on six occasions, Latin Cup winners twice, Carranza Trophy winners four times and Teresa Herrera champions on another three occasions—the list speaks for itself.

Betancort, Velazquez, De Felipe, Gento, Amancio, Grosso, Sanchis, Grande, Bueno, Benito, Calpe, Pirri and Zoco are all internationals, while Fleitas has played for Paraguay. This is a formidable array of talent even though Amancio is the only recently capped player.

Real Madrid will rise again. They invariably do. But don't expect them to emulate the feats of the old masters.



The Trophy Room at the Real Madrid stadium houses the incredible collection of trophies won by this famous club.

Brazil top the 1970 league table

HAVING conducted a survey of the international results for World Soccer readers over a number of years, it has been my custom to omit any national side that played less than four games. This year, however, I have felt it necessary to raise this minimum to eight matches because under the old basis the most successful teams of 1970 would have been Spain, Brazil, Scotland, East Germany and Italy in that order. Spain, Scotland and Wales were in fact the only national sides to play the old minimum of four games and remain UNDEFEATED in 1970 and to continue on the old basis and let these figures be reflected would have been ludicrous. Spain, for example, played four of their five games at home, won four and drew one to be 90% successful; Wales played all their four games in Britain; three in the British home championship and a 0-0 draw at home to Rumania, winning one and drawing three; while East Germany met mediocre opposition in Iraq and Luxembourg (and a strangely out of touch Poland, who lost 0-5 to them).

By increasing the qualifying minimum to eight games, a far more realistic table was produced which, in a World Cup year, not surprisingly reflected the results of matches played in Mexico; at least in so far as the top two are concerned. Even so, there are several "strangers" who really have no business to be as high up the table as they are and in this category I would certainly place Sweden, Poland and, most of all, Mexico.

Bearing in mind that almost all of Mexico's games were played at home—and they had previously never won even one World Cup game (in the competition proper)—it would be the height of folly to allow anyone to believe that Mexico rate any higher than Norway, Finland or Luxembourg.

Conceded

Here I feel compelled to add that even with all the tremendous natural advantages in their favour they could only win two World Cup matches—beating El Salvador (who played six matches in the year, lost them all, failed to score even once themselves and conceded 16)—and Belgium. This last "victory" was a fiasco: a 1-0 win but a parody of football that delighted the home fans at the Azteca and left me totally disgusted. From start to finish of the 90 minutes the "entire bowl" whistled every time a Belgian player had possession of the ball and the goal, if that is the correct word, resulted from the greatest non-penalty I've ever seen in my life.

To let Mexico occupy eighth position in the results table without having made these points would have been quite disgraceful.

To pass on to a more pleasant topic, the one defeat (0-2) suffered by Brazil was that handed out by Argentina in Porto Alegro (Brazil) during the term of Joao Saldanha while the draw was a goal-less match against Paraguay, used by Saldanha's successor Zagalo as a training game, in which Jairzinho, Rivelino and Tostao took no part. Zagalo obviously had a tremendous impact on the Brazilians and their final success in Mexico. His figures—12 wins and a draw in 13 official outings indicates quite enough, but two further points are valid—(1) all 14 matches were played in their home continent, (2) defensively even Zagalo couldn't offer remedies but only patch the holes and play with the emphasis on possession and attack. This and the conditions, which put all the Europeans in fear of hurling themselves at his defence were quite

	Pld.	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For Agst.	% Success
Brazil	14	12	1	1	36.13	89.2
Italy	11	6	4	1	20.13	72.7
Sweden	11	6	4	1	14.8	72.7
West Germany	14	9	2	3	28.19	71.4
England	12	7	3	2	20.8	70.8
Poland	10	6	2	2	19.11	70.0
USSR	12	6	4	2	20.8	66.6
Mexico	17	8	5	4	27.17	61.7
Yugoslavia	9	3	4	2	9.9	55.5
Peru	15	6	3	6	27.26	50.0
Uruguay	10	4	1	5	11.12	45.0
Czechoslovakia	9	3	2	4	11.14	44.4
Rumania	10	2	4	4	9.11	40.0

JANUARY

Malta 1 Luxembourg 1
England 0 Holland 0
Israel 0 Holland 1

FEBRUARY

Peru 1 Rumania 1
Spain 2 West Germany 0
Peru 0 USSR 0
Mexico 1 Bulgaria 1
Mexico 2 Bulgaria 0
Peru 0 USSR 2
Spain 2 Italy 2
Mexico 0 Sweden 0
El Salvador 0 USSR 2
Peru 5 Bulgaria 3
Belgium 1 England 3
Costa Rica 2 El Salvador 0
Mexico 0 USSR 0

MARCH

Mexico 0 Sweden 1
Brazil 0 Argentina 2
Peru 0 Mexico 1
Peru 1 Mexico 0
Brazil 2 Argentina 1
Mexico 3 Peru 1
Mexico 3 Peru 3
Ethiopia 1 Israel 5
Brazil 5 Chile 0
Ethiopia 1 Israel 1
Brazil 2 Chile 1

APRIL

Uruguay 2 Peru 0
West Germany 1 Rumania 1
Argentina 2 Uruguay 1
France 1 Bulgaria 1
Yugoslavia 1 Austria 1
Brazil 0 Paraguay 0
Yugoslavia 2 Hungary 2
Austria 1 Czechoslovakia 3
Iran 2 Israel 1
Uruguay 2 Argentina 1
Peru 4 Uruguay 2
Wales 1 England 1
N. Ireland 0 Scotland 1
England 3 N. Ireland 1
Scotland 0 Wales 0
Peru 3 El Salvador 0
Switzerland 0 Spain 1
USSR 0 Poland 2
Scotland 0 England 0
Wales 1 N. Ireland 0
France 2 Rumania 0
Brazil 1 Austria 0
Mexico 4 Ecuador 2

MAY

Hungary 2 Poland 0
Mexico 3 Ecuador 2
Switzerland 2 France 1
Bulgaria 3 USSR 3
Poland 2 Eire 1
Rumania 0 Yugoslavia 0
West Germany 2 Eire 1
Portugal 1 Italy 2
Luxembourg 0 Czechoslovakia 1
West Germany 1 Yugoslavia 0
Norway 0 Czechoslovakia 2
Hungary 1 Sweden 2
Poland 1 East Germany 1
Colombia 0 England 4
Denmark 0 Poland 2
Ecuador 0 England 2

Review conducted by ERIC BATTY

enough, but in European conditions . . . ?

England, West Germany and Italy, all figure in the top five in terms of figures and were drawn together in Mexico and forced to eliminate each other. Had Brazil's last three games in Mexico been against this trio in turn, the outcome (and the year's figures) *could* have been very different. As it was, these three spent themselves on each other but with only 1.9 between them in terms of percentage success over the year, there's precious little in it. Certainly not enough to tempt me into any prolonged discussion about their relative merits.

Just how little there is in it between the teams at top level these days is emphasised for me by the experience of Austria during the year under review. Played 7, won 1, drawn 2, lost 4, goals 5 to 9, and only 28.5% success put them as far down as 21st in the *European* table. But their results—1-1 draws against Yugoslavia and Hungary, a 1-2 defeat at home to Italy and 0-1 losses against Yugoslavia and Brazil (in South America before the World Cup) indicate that even the team ranked No. 21 *can* hold the big guns.

Italy obviously deserve special mention and on balance in European conditions it is my view that they could be the best in the world with just about the right balance between the basic skills, imagination and physical qualities. Unhappily, for them as well as the game as a whole, they also have *catenaccio*.

Bobby Charlton scores against Northern Ireland last year on the occasion of his 100th appearance for England.

Such a system would ruin all that the Brazilians and Peruvians have to offer (as it has in Argentina and Uruguay) and a closely related system is doing its best to minimise the contribution that England could make to the world game. Zagalo has obviously learned (and acted upon) many lessons learned from Europe. Can we Europeans not learn a little from Brazil and produce a game with a better balance in terms of skills and their relationship to physical factors?

Finally, as usual, my personal rankings in alphabetical order only:

World class: None.

International class: Brazil, England, West Germany, Italy.

Good class: Argentina, Scotland, Uruguay, USSR, Yugoslavia.

In addition, it seems to me that France, East Germany, Holland, Poland and Spain are on the upgrade while Belgium, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Greece (after a very good 1969) and Northern Ireland are on the slide.

As a further guide to where my personal preferences lie, given a choice between watching *any* international matches, right now I'd vote for games between Brazil, Peru and Yugoslavia. See any two from those three in action against each other and the chances are you'd see a fine game.

JUNE

Finland 1 Denmark 1
Norway 2 Finland 0
Sweden 1 Denmark 1

WORLD CUP (May—June)

Mexico 0 USSR 0
Belgium 3 El Salvador 0
USSR 4 Belgium 1
Mexico 4 El Salvador 0
USSR 2 El Salvador 0
Mexico 1 Belgium 0
Uruguay 2 Israel 0
Sweden 0 Italy 1
Italy 0 Uruguay 0
Israel 1 Sweden 1
Uruguay 0 Sweden 1
Italy 0 Israel 0
England 1 Rumania 0
Czechoslovakia 1 Brazil 4
Rumania 2 Czechoslovakia 1
Brazil 3 Rumania 2
England 0 Brazil 1
England 1 Czechoslovakia 0
Peru 3 Bulgaria 2
Morocco 1 West Germany 2
Peru 3 Morocco 0
West Germany 5 Bulgaria 2
West Germany 3 Peru 1
Bulgaria 1 Morocco 1
Brazil 4 Peru 2
Mexico 1 Italy 4
USSR 0 Uruguay 1
England 2 West Germany 3
Italy 4 West Germany 3
Brazil 3 Uruguay 1
West Germany 1 Uruguay 0
Brazil 4 Italy 1

JULY

Iceland 0 Denmark 0
Iceland 2 Norway 0
East Germany 5 Iraq 0

AUGUST

Finland 1 Sweden 2

SEPTEMBER

Poland 5 Denmark 0
France 3 Czechoslovakia 0
East Germany 5 Poland 0
West Germany 3 Hungary 1
Austria 0 Yugoslavia 1
Norway 2 Sweden 4
Denmark 0 Norway 1
Eire 0 Poland 2
Hungary 1 Austria 1
Brazil 2 Mexico 1

OCTOBER

Chile 1 Brazil 5
Norway 1 Hungary 3
Austria 1 France 0
Czechoslovakia 1 Finland 1
Malta 1 Greece 1
Holland 1 Yugoslavia 1
Rumania 3 Finland 0
Eire 1 Sweden 1
Denmark 0 Portugal 1
Poland 3 Albania 0
Luxembourg 0 Yugoslavia 2
Switzerland 1 Italy 1
West Germany 1 Turkey 1
Czechoslovakia 2 Poland 2
Sweden 1 Eire 0
Spain 2 Greece 1
USSR 4 Yugoslavia 0
Austria 1 Italy 2

NOVEMBER

Israel 0 Australia 1
East Germany 1 Holland 0
Wales 0 Rumania 0
France 3 Norway 1
Spain 3 N. Ireland 0
Scotland 1 Denmark 0
Luxembourg 0 East Germany 5
Switzerland 0 Hungary 1
Bulgaria 1 Norway 1
Belgium 1 France 2
Cyprus 1 USSR 3
Greece 1 Australia 3
Yugoslavia 2 West Germany 0
Greece 1 West Germany 3
England 3 East Germany 1
Belgium 2 Denmark 0

DECEMBER

Mexico 3 Australia 0
Holland 2 Rumania 0
Italy 3 Eire 0
Greece 1 Cyprus 1
Turkey 2 Albania 1
Greece 0 Switzerland 1
Malta 1 Switzerland 2

TECHNIQUES OF WEIGHT-TRAINING

by George Kirkley

MOST men cherish a desire for a healthy, well-developed body, even if very few take the trouble to do anything about it. But those who do train for the purpose of improved health and development are wise, because good health is one of the most important things in life. Of course, good health is not necessarily combined with large muscles; one can be very healthy indeed with only a slight musculature, but good health plus good development in something even better. So why not seek that as well?

Muscular development can be had without using weights for the purpose. One can practise wrestling, gymnastics or other physical activities and, in addition to the enjoyment of the sport, can often make noticeable muscular gains. But for those who want maximum development, weight-training is the proven best and quickest method. It can be scientifically planned, unlike the playing of games or the participation in sports, when the acquirement of skills and enjoyment of the games are the primary objectives and the muscular benefits merely incidental.

Weight-training can also be made progressive, by the gradual increasing of resistance as the muscles grow in size and strength. Indeed, the principle of progressive resistance is a major factor in weight-training. The right exercises and other factors are important, but unless the work done is progressive—which means that it must lead to the constant handling of heavier and heavier weights—one's full potential will not be realised.

The use of a muscle against resistance results in an increase in size. This is partly because of improved circulation of the blood and partly because of chemical conditions arising out of contraction. Activity causes some destruction of the constituents of the muscle, but when nature replaces the lost materials she over-compensates.

Almost without exception the world's best-developed men have used progressive resistance exercises to build their physiques and they have handled heavier and heavier weights as they got bigger and stronger. The variety of exercises is very wide and scores of different movements can be performed to build the physique in an harmonious and effective manner. Moreover, in this process the general health is improved and the vital organs function with greater efficiency.

Although weight-training can be done in one's own home, it is much better to join a proper club. There are hundreds of these throughout the country and most of them have a qualified instructor to advise and assist the beginner.

Those who cannot join a club for any reason will have to purchase weights for use at home and it is a good plan to look around for a partner, who would perhaps share the cost and also be company for the training periods. Progress is often faster when one can get encouragement and even some rivalry during training.

Amount of exercise

Generally a training session should consist of enough exercises to build all-round development, with at least one exercise for every major body part. Later, graduation can be made to exercises that are essential for the building up of those body parts that are below the overall standard.

A session should last about an hour to an hour and a half and the number of exercises should range from about six to 12, depending on one's immediate object. At certain times one may use perhaps only five or six movements for a special purpose. At others, double that number.

Frequency of training

Since resistance exercise breaks down muscular tissue, which nature replaces and the process starts immediately after exercising, a rest period is essential to allow nature to do her work. I would not advise training every day and for most people a rest period of two days has been found to be best. This means training every other day, which is a good general principle.

Repetitions

The number of repetitions for any exercise can vary quite considerably, depending on the individual, his physical type, the nature of the exercise and the object in view. Generally, repetitions will range from as little as three or four to as many as 30, although the average for most exercises will be around eight to ten.

For general physique building where one is not concerned with increased strength so much as increased muscle size, the repetitions should be fairly high—from eight to 12 for most movements. The high repetitions allow a longer period for the muscles to be flushed with blood and tend to increase the size of the muscle as opposed to increasing its strength. Lower repetitions, with heavier weight, whilst still in part achieving the object of increasing muscle size, tend to have more effect on increasing strength.

Exercises

As I wrote earlier, there are scores of weight-training exercises, all designed to develop specific muscles, but detailed descriptions would take up much more space than I have available. However, one can often obtain exercise charts and schedules from retailers of weights, or get proper instruction at a club.

Weights for athletes

Weight-training is also widely used by leading athletes and sportsmen to boost their performances. In fact, most champions and top-liners incorporate this type of training into their schedules at some time or another. Many athletic clubs, large and small, have added weights to their equipment. Leading AAA coaches, finally convinced of the value of weight-training after initially being sceptics, now urge that all athletes should use weights. A stronger athlete is a better athlete.

Footballers, too, can benefit, as an insurance against injury as well as the physical benefits. Stronger muscles greatly help to reduce the injury rate in this game where the performers have to manœuvre, swerve, stop, suddenly change direction and so on, often on greasy and treacherous surfaces. A weight-trained footballer can stand up to the hazards much more easily than one who has never practised any form of resistance training.

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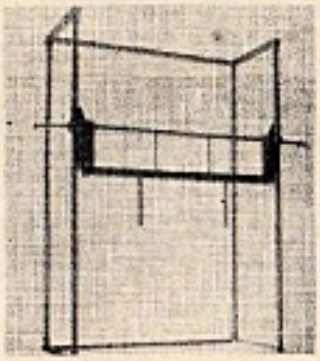

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Luigi Riva, now back in training.

PRINCIPAL CONTENDERS

ITALY—Europe's most successful soccer land of recent years—must once again be rated among the principal contenders for the European Championship title which they hold following the victory in 1968. The "Azzurri" confirmed their status by reaching the World Cup final where they bowed to Brazil but not surprisingly they were voted Europe's No. 1 team in 1970.

Now, millions of "tifosi" are breathing with relief at the news that the national soccer hero, Luigi Riva, has resumed training after breaking a leg in their first European Championship game in Austria. The man most delighted (apart from Luigi himself) is the national coach, Ferruccio Valcareggi, whose contract incidentally expires in June.

Flicker of criticism

But few observers doubt that it will be renewed for his record speaks volumes and frankly there is no one in sight who could be expected to do better. There has been a flicker of criticism regarding his treatment of the "Mazzola or Rivera" controversy but the reinstatement of Rivera for the match with Austria has silenced even the most persistent grumblers.

That Signor Valcareggi invariably looks solemn is due to his mental make-up. Whenever his face acquires that pensive expression he resembles a doctor who is about to inform a favourite patient that he suffers from an incurable disease. The only subject calculated to bring out a smile from him is the last World Cup—or to be specific, just the game with West Germany. He says: "We feared the Germans, whose football is so efficient and almost scientific in its methods. I feel as if it were played yesterday and yet, it's already past history."

BOOK REVIEWS

THE recommendation of any worthwhile book often comes from a desire to find fault where there is little. This understandable attitude brought me to the view that European Soccer, edited by the late L. N. Bailey, Pelham Books, 50s., is a justified addition to the too few literary items of note on soccer.

While the title is misleading, since the World Cup is just one of the competitions described outside the sphere of it, the main basis is Europe with lists of previous League and Cup winners, a review of the past season for each leading European country and results and goalscorers in the three major European cup competitions.

For those of us who have had to struggle long years with a surfeit of strange names, this is a gallant attempt which has gone far towards success. The book is also illustrated and has valuable written contributions from Donald Saunders, the readable *Daily Telegraph* football correspondent. Its near 250 pages of absorbing statistics and information will appeal to the real enthusiast.

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JUVENTUS REGAIN

THEY never return to glory or greatness! In England people shake their heads about Manchester United ... it's the vogue in the Spanish press, and among certain English sportswriters, to ridicule Real Madrid ... Benfica are written off in Portugal as "a team of the past" ... and while in Italy recently I was looked upon as a nut case for questioning the belief that Inter Milan and Juventus were dead and buried. (Perhaps I was a little crazy for mentioning those two clubs ... in Rome.)

Later, in Turin, I discussed this "return to glory" theme with Armando Picchi, manager of aristocratic Juventus, who have, what I would suggest is an impossible ambition, the Fairs Cup, the Cup Winners Cup, the Scudetto (League) and the European Cup in five years.

One of the youngest managers in Italy, Picchi, centre-half of Inter Milan during the days of Helenio Herrera, is a member of the H.H. School ... of players like Kubala, Rodri, Koscis, Ramallett, Marcel Domingo, who after playing under the great man, developed into first-class managers in their own right.

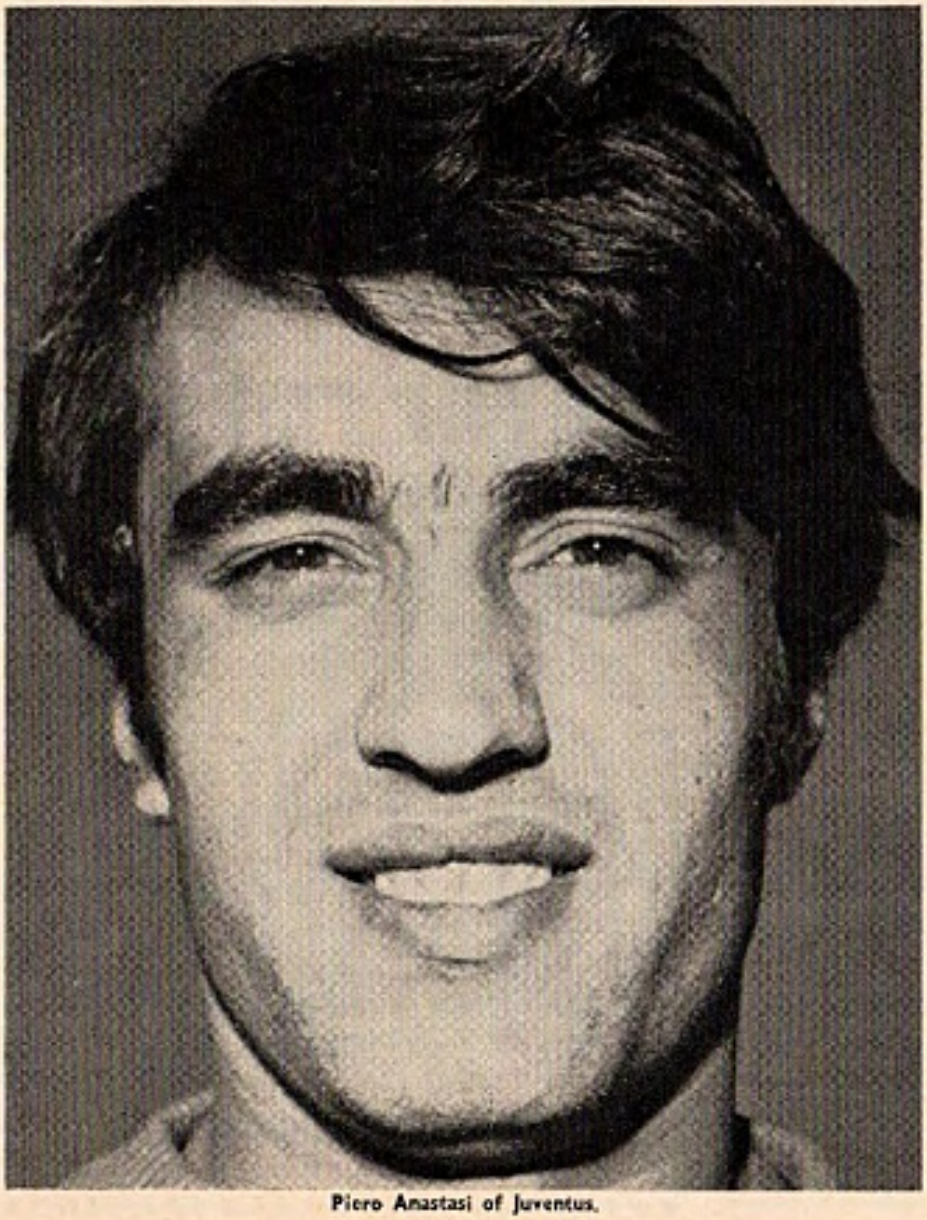
The secret Herrera imparted was disciplinary, brilliant Welshman who became the key line, human understanding and physical fitness. Tactics? "No. Secrets or surprise moves in football are no longer possible, most methods and tactics are known to everyone. There's just nothing new in the game," says the Juventus manager.

Picchi is very definite in his opinion that Juventus—ten times Italian champions and the greatest club never to win a European competition—will return to the power they were during the middle '50s. That was the period when they set the big money fashion by paying £65,000 for John Charles, the figure of their defence.

"For some years they have been calling Juventus 'Old Lady Juve' because of our long and distinguished history. But all that is changing. Now we are the 'Juve Bambinos' and are going to live up to the original holders of that description, The Busby Babes.

"Juventus is now in the process of rejuvenation and rebuilding. The older players have gone, we have only two veterans left, Helmut Haller and Sandro Salvadore. Youth is now the dominating feature of the club's new future policy.

"Our first objective is to maintain the club's great prestige—that is important—then we shall move into our old place again among the great clubs of Europe. That may take a little time, but nothing will be allowed to divert us from achieving our determined objective.



Piero Anastasi of Juventus.

Forecast

"You ask categorically whether a team can return to glory and power. Juventus will," said Armando Picchi. A bold and confident forecast which he sincerely believes.

Two personality players who are just as confident as their manager are "Golden Boy" Piero Anastasi and Helmut Haller, West Germany's World Cup star.

The recently married 22-year-old Anastasi cost Juventus £420,000 from Varese ... big money, even in Klondyke Italy. Piero, who comes from a working class family in Catania, Sicily, made his football début with Fourth Division amateurs, Massimiana, and two years later joined Varese. Today he is one of the game's highest paid players ... yet modestly puts himself in the second group of Italy's money-earners. "Gigi Riva and Sandro Mazzola are paid more than I. And why not? They are two of the world's greatest players," he says.

"This season," says Anastasi, "Juventus have done extremely well considering. We've had several irregular League results but they were not entirely unexpected. It takes a while to achieve consistency. But our Fairs Cup successes, especially against Barcelona, have been definite, impressive and merited.

"Apart from the club's development plan the players have an immediate personal aim ... to boost the club's fame and prestige and to capture the *scudetto* (League title) within a maximum of two years."

HOPE TO POSITION

Norman Cutler in Turin

Anastasi's signing for Juventus is still one of the great unsolved mysteries of Italian football. He was registered with Varese, who lent him to Inter Milan for a friendly game against Rome. Before the kick-off it was a foregone conclusion that Inter would sign him after the game. He played brilliantly in the first half, thrilled the great crowd with two picture-book goals. That settled it. Anastasi was an Interista.

As he emerged from the tunnel after the interval he was besieged by wildly excited reporters and photographers. It was they who broke the news ... that JUVENTUS, not Inter Milan, had signed him for a world record fee. No wonder he had a poor second half.

Transactions

How? Why? It's still one of the most mysterious transactions of a long string of mysteries of Italian football.

Helmut Haller ... nine years in Italian football (his first six with Bolonia) ... is the key man in the new-look Juventus, although he may not be around to see their ambitious programme fulfilled. He could well have returned to Germany before that happens.

"I am nearing the end of my career. I said 'adios' to international football in Mexico because to do well in Munich, West Germany needs much younger players. And now is the time to start introducing them. I've appeared fairly regularly in the international side during the last 12 years, playing in 35 games, including the 1966 World Cup final at Wembley, but I doubt if I shall play again."

Comparing his own popularity with that of Uwe Seeler, Haller emphatically insisted that Seeler was the better technician, far more popular and an authentic idol. "He's one of Germany's greatest ever.

"My own popularity in Germany has suffered because I've been abroad for nine years ... and in Italy I've had the handicap of being a foreigner. Nevertheless I've been very happy here and it's been worthwhile because I've earned more than any other player in the history of German football.

"No, I don't agree with you that I'm the key figure of Juventus ... each of us has a function, no one is more important than the other. After all what use would be my experience and technique without Anastasi's punch, speed and opportunism in the front line?

"But I have no doubt that, whether I'm with them or not, Juventus will again be the Number One team in Italy."

So while Juventus ... manager and players ... are convinced that a club can return to power and glory, another great player I ran across ... Angelo Domenghini, Cagliari's star forward, has opposite views. He is quite emphatic, although I do feel that when he quotes Inter Milan as an example he is unconsciously prejudiced in view of being a former Inter star. (Cagliari transferred Bonisegna to Inter Milan in exchange for Domenghini and Gori and £18,000 "because the co-existence of Bonisegna and Riva was impossible".)

Domenghini says: "The Inter Milan of today is nothing like the same club it was in the days of Helenio Herrera and President Moratti. Their perfect partnership was the reason for Inter Milan becoming so great. Those days will never return ... Inter just can't fight against destiny. They will fail just as Real Madrid, Manchester United and Benfica have failed. In football great teams are succeeded by other great teams."

Cagliari, for example? "Yes ... Cagliari. We became one of the great teams of Europe because we possess players like Cera, Nicolia Albertosi, Gori and" ... he added emphatically "... Gigi Riva."

When I pointed out his stress on Riva's name he shook his head sadly. "Gigi," he said, "is unquestionably one of the greatest players in the world. He's the basis of Cagliari, without him ..." His voice tailed off, he looked away, then added: "Gigi's a peculiar player. He plays only to score goals and rarely passes a ball to a colleague better positioned.

"Put it this way. Three-quarters of Cagliari is a great side but when Riva's away or out of form, we are completely impotent in the area ... we just aren't able to score goals."

I told Domenghini an opinion Herrera Helenio had expressed to me only hours before, that "Any team with Riva in its line-up could win the Italian league."

He thought a moment then said: "Yes ... he's right. All the defences in Italy fear him and become almost paralysed as soon as he gathers the ball."

(I would argue with H.H. ... but even with Gigi Riva back will Cagliari recapture their glory? It seems far too late for this campaign ... and next season five of their present first team will be over 30!

That reminds me ... it looks as if H.H. has lost me some money. I backed Rome to win the League and it doesn't look as if they will.

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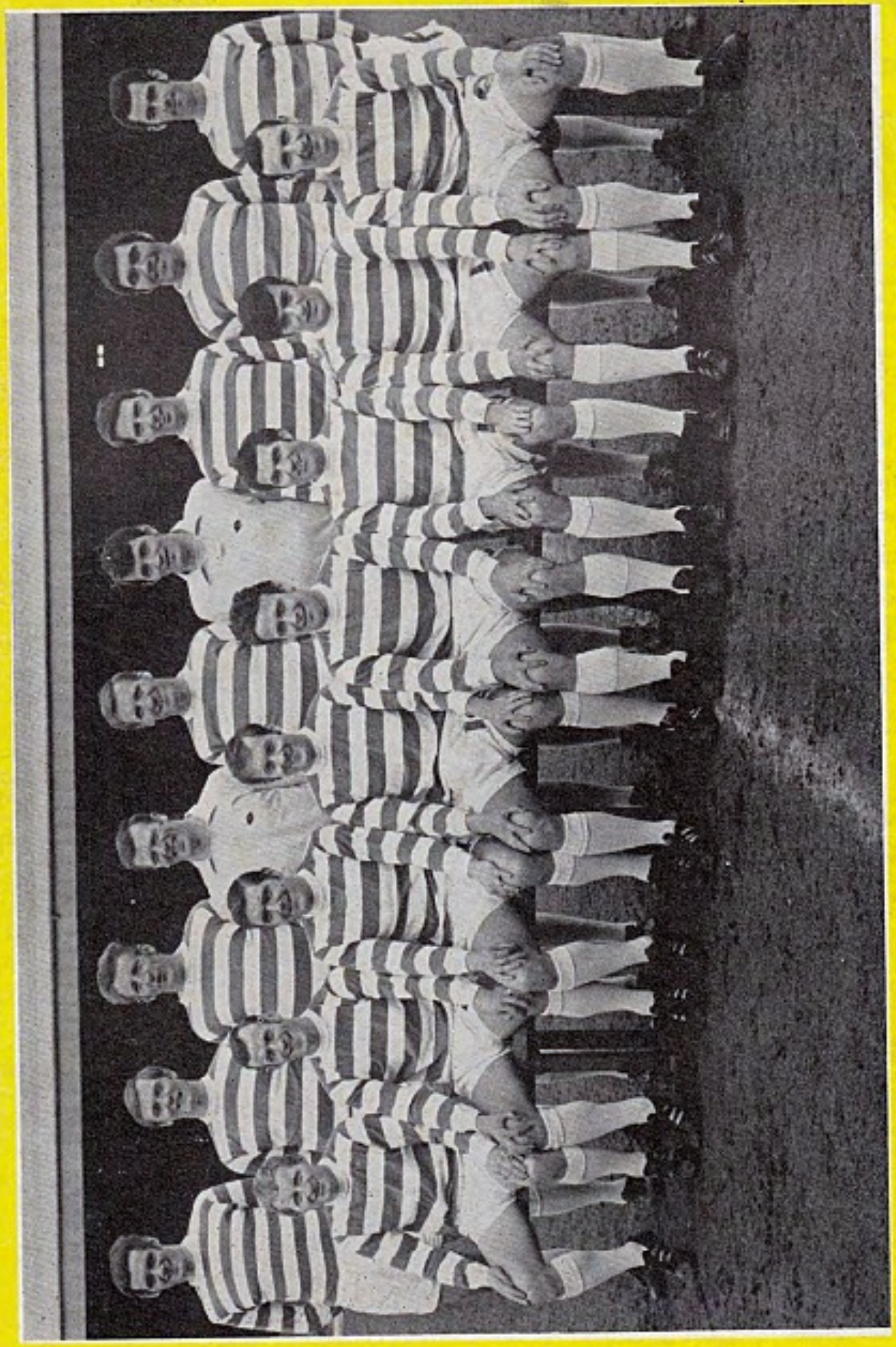

Back row, left to right: George Connelly, David Hay, Tommy Gemmell, John Fallon, Billy McNeil, Evan Williams, Jim Craig, John Hughes, Tommy Callaghan. Front row: Jimmy Johnston, Bobby Lennox, Bobby Murdoch, Harry Hood, Willie Wallace, Bertie Auld, Lou Macari, Jim Brogan.

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